The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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DRESS.

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FINANCIAL, &c.

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5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d.—Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

21s. safety razor, brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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29s. 6d.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, 12-bore, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

After the Canadian elections, they call him President Daft now.

* * *

When the boxer Whiting beat Roy Kenny, more than one of the latter's supporters might have been heard to say there was something fishy about the victory.

* * *

A philosophical magistrate has been dispensing free advice on "How to Treat a Wife." Down in the East End this will probably be good enough, but in Mayfair husbands will have to treat their wives on a more expensive scale.

* * *

Theatrical Note: Where Ignorance is (matrimonial) bliss 'tis "Folly" to be H. G. Pélissier.

* * *

The reason why people don't use the street subways is that they simply hate the idea of "going under."

* * *

Where is Nice Place?

* * *

During an "exhibition swim" at the Stadium, Shepherd's Bush, Burgess shouted that he was swimming faster than usual because his wife was there. It would be interesting to know whether this information was intended to be a compliment to Mrs. Burgess, or otherwise.

* * *

Now that all the unpleasantness is over, strikers have discovered that every "strike" is a "blow"—and a hard one at that.

* * *

Why is the Aerial Post-poned?

* * *

The burning question in Russian Nihilist circles at the present moment hinges on whether the police agent really is a gent.

* * *

Those fifty-four entrants for the "Perrier Water" Assistants' Golfing Tournament at Burhill, on October 18, seem likely to have a fizzing time.

* * *

A contemporary descants on "The Sins of the Football Association." Now that Rugger is in full swing again, perhaps the same journal will oblige with a hacking contribution on "The Shins of the Rugby Union."

* * *

Miss Connie Ediss, in describing how actresses have to wait for their cues in draughty wings, goes on to observe, "Many a poor girl has literally caught her death of cold in this way." But it is only when the girl isn't poor that we hear anything about it.

* * *

A new novel is called "The Long Roll." The fulsome praise of some literary critics supplies the butter for it.

J. S. Cox.

EPSILON.

Frequently one finds in handwriting the usual letter "e" replaced by the Greek epsilon, which resembles in shape a miniature capital "e."

It is a trick of writing much affected by those who desire to be considered learned.

"That he was a man of education," says the lady novelist, "could easily be seen, for he used epsilons instead of the letter 'e' when he wrote."

All of which is nonsense. Even the student or teacher of Greek does not have to write very much of it, and certainly never so much that he would naturally write epsilon instead of "e," or gamma instead of "g," or lambda instead of "l."

The whole thing is pure affectation.

WINTER AND OLD CLOTHES.

There is much to be said for winter as a time for using up all one's clothes that are not really too old to wear any more, and yet that are not smart enough to wear in public on all occasions.

It is strange that one may wear practically anything among one's friends, and thus the man who spends all day in an office, and who does not come into contact with his firm's customers, or with strangers, can wear out his old clothes without incurring any discomfort.

The only time to provide against is the going to and from business. This is easily got over by wearing a smart great-coat and well-pressed trousers. The exterior appearance is thus preserved when it is really necessary, but there need be no great expense incurred in buying new suits in winter, and, however old trousers are, they can be pressed to look smart.

THE THUMP OF THE WHEELS.

If you travel much, if, indeed, you travel at all by train, and especially if you are easily made irritable and nervy, the monotonous bang, bang, bang, as the wheels of the carriage pass over the places where the rails are joined will certainly "get on your nerves."

On many railways the rolling stock is so smooth in its motion that there is little inconvenience from this cause, but on others, and in the third-class carriages in which most of us ride, the nuisance is fairly common.

It is trying to have to sit in a corner seat, endeavouring to snatch an hour's sleep, while all the time this monotonous thumping vibrates through the entire train.

The nuisance can be avoided, to a large extent, by choosing your seat in a compartment that is not directly over the wheels. Most railway carriages are now built on bogies—sets of wheels at each end of the coach—and by choosing a seat mid-way between these bogies, the thump of the wheels is largely avoided.

JEFFRIES—JOHNSON PICTURES.

The writer has just seen the Jeffries-Johnson boxing contest on the cinematograph. The parsons who are attacking the Wells-Johnson match are making a great point of the demoralising effect the pictures will have on the public.

I do not think they need be alarmed, for a duller, slower show than the Jeffries-Johnson films it would be hard to imagine.

This is no fault of the boxers, but, as the cinematograph operator explained, it is impossible to take a boxing match quickly enough to give a real idea of what is happening.

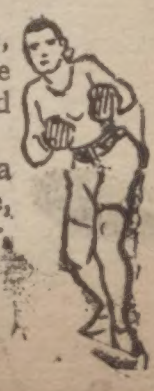
The lightning left or hook looks slow and cumbersome when seen in the pictures, and most of the time the men appear to be clinching.

Jeffries was said to be badly punished, but the pictures show nothing of that.

Even the finale, when he is knocked down and out, is quite unconvincing. You cannot realise that he has received a heavy punch.

Altogether, if all boxing moving pictures are like these, one can only say that the most exotic of parsons could see them without contamination. I fancy that even he would find them rather tame.

The truth is that a lot of parsons are badly in need of a free advertisement for cadging purposes at Christmas time, and they are trying to get it out of the Wells-Johnson affair.



Trophies of the Chase

HOW TO PRESERVE AND MOUNT THEM.

Many men who go out for a day's cubbing on foot, a run with the beagles, or a walk with the otter hounds, find when a kill takes place, if they are well-up or have rendered the Master any assistance during the hunt, that they are presented with a trophy in commemoration of their day's sport.

This may be the mask or pate, the brush or scut or rudder, an ear or a pad; and the recipient will probably find himself not gratified but embarrassed as to what to do with this token of the Master's approbation. Not everyone knows anything of practical taxidermy, and the expense of having trophies set up at the bird-stuffer's shop is often a serious consideration.

PRESERVING WITH ALUM.

In the case of mask or pate, the tyro will have to fall back on the bird-stuffer, and pay his ten or fifteen shillings; but, by attention to the few simple hints here given, he may quite easily and inexpensively preserve all the other trophies himself. All he really needs is some powdered alum.

A hare's scut is, perhaps, the simplest thing to deal with, since it is merely a tuft of black-and-white fur that will dry in the pocket on the way home from hunting. It merely requires to be stuck to the mounting board—with a cheap form of which I will deal presently.

The ear, too, which is the next best trophy after the scut, merely requires to be powdered with alum and dried in the fender, when it is ready for mounting.

If a brush or a rudder is taken off properly, neither will present much trouble. Formerly these were always cut off at the root, leaving the bone and flesh still in them. But, nowadays, the skin alone is more usually cut round the base, and a pair of crops or otter-poles being placed one above the other with the tail between them, the pelt is neatly stripped off.

LABELLING.

This method simplifies the work of the amateur preserver considerably. He has merely to scrape off any small bits of flesh adhering to the skin, well powder the interior with alum, and allow the brush or rudder to dry. He can then affix a strong split ring to the upper edges when sewn together, add a small wooden label inscribed with the name of the pack and the date of the kill, and hang it up on the wall or use it as the handle of a bell-pull.

Badgers' short'uns, stoats' tags, rats' tails — whose owners have been killed by a favourite terrier—can be treated in the same way, and present no difficulties. But pads—which are the most frequently distributed trophies, of course—are not so easy to deal with.

A hare's pad contains less flesh than others, and can be dried in a slow oven. It should be well wrapped in paper and carefully watched in the process, or it will be burnt to a cinder. To keep it from curling up, a weight, such as a flat-iron, must be kept on it during the drying process.

SILVER MOUNTING.

The same may be done with a fox-pad, but more care and attention will be required.

Other pads are usually mounted in silver and worn in the cap, or as part of a hunt uniform, and require more skilful treatment than the amateur is likely to bestow upon them. They should be sent to an expert.

Falconers keep the legs of the birds taken by their hawks, which merely require to be stretched on a board and dried, after being well rubbed with some preservative. Shooting men take grouse-claws to be mounted as brooches and kilt-pins, which again is a professional's job, but the tail of a black-cock, and certain feathers from under a wood-cock's wing, and from that of a jay, are also reserved to decorate the sportsman's hat. These require no special treatment.

Trophies of the chase are usually mounted on wooden shields, ovals, or discs, on which the date of the kill, place, and pack are painted. These discs or what-not, if specially turned or purchased, cost half a crown or more. A cheaper and equally effective mount is the common disc used for gas-brackets, and procurable of any ironmonger or house furnisher at prices ranging from twopence to ninepence, according to size. They are pierced with a hole in the centre, which the trophy will cover in front, and the nail on the wall will enter behind.

They are usually sold in a highly varnished state, and the date and other particulars can be inscribed by the simple means of picking out the figures and letters with the point of a pair of dividers, when the white wood will show through.

Variety can be obtained by selecting them of different colours, using red for fox-hunting trophies, green for hare-hunting, and so forth.

They will look very well ranged on the wall of the sportsman's den, and serve to remind him of many a good run, and of the prowess of the hounds and the gallantry of the quarry in time to come.

L. C. R. Cameron.

OPENINGS FOR THE MAN OF 40.

THEY ARE STILL FAIRLY PLENTIFUL.

"Too old at forty!" has become a catch-phrase. We complain bitterly of those employers who observe it as many do, tacitly if not openly.

But there is something to be said for these employers. They have found by experience that the middle-aged man is apt to adhere to stereotyped methods.

If these methods are those of his present employer, well and good, for system and regularity are much desirable in business, but if a new employee brings to the methods of his previous employer and refuses to be convinced that they are not the best or the only possible ones, in spite of the fact that the use of them upsets the smooth working of the new business, then the employer whom he is now serving is surely justified in preferring a younger man who has no preconceived ideas of what is best, but who is content to work along the lines that are suggested to him, using his own originality and talent merely to develop and improve them.

POSITIONS OF TRUST.

Thus, however adaptable the middle-aged man who is seeking employment may be, he has always to fight against this antipathy.

On the other hand, there are always a certain number of "positions of trust" for which an older man is better fitted than a younger one, always supposing that he can produce an irreproachable character and references.

These posts exist in almost every big organisation and range from the position of caretaker to that of cashier or departmental manager.

For them a man who is more or less sedate and methodical is required, and it is not always possible to find him among the existing staff when a vacancy occurs.

The big stores provide many openings for men who have reached middle-age without acquiring a special knowledge of any one trade, but who have a general business knowledge and a good record of past service.

CINEMATOGRAPH OPENINGS.

The popularising of the cinematograph theatre opened up a new industry in which the middle-aged man had as good a chance as the youngster. Managerships and other posts sprang into existence which none but a man of fairly advanced years could satisfactorily fill.

It is to the newly-formed business that the middle-aged man should look for a job. Here there is no question of a present employee of the firm being preferred to an outside applicant.

In humbler spheres, there are posts as caretaker or as doorkeeper to be had, although the ex-soldier generally has the first chance here.

Agencies of various kinds are open to men of all ages, and the middle-aged man who is alert and active and possessed of an agreeable manner, may make a very good income as an insurance agent or in some form of commercial agency.

Commercial travelling in most trades requires experience and technical knowledge, but there are not a few lines which can be taken up by a man with no previous knowledge.

Various institutions, such as colleges, hospitals, churches and cathedrals, schools, and so on, have posts to offer, for which age is no bar to a suitable man. In most of these cases, however, some influence is necessary to obtain an appointment.

W. Brown.

Foreign Enlistment

A WORD WITH DOM MANOEL'S BRITISH SUPPORTERS.

At the present time some of the pick of our young fighting blood, many of them members of the Territorial Force, are offering their services to Dom Manoel, in his attempt to regain the throne of Portugal.

To them, and to others similarly minded, it may be interesting to consider the legal position of a British subject who fights for a foreign country.

Their chief stumbling block is the Foreign Enlistment Act. Though in this country it works somewhat uncertainly, this is usually put into operation to prevent British subjects from joining the armed forces of one country at war with another, when Great Britain is at peace with both.

It is also intended to prevent a British subject from joining a revolutionary force engaged in an armed attempt to oust from power the government of a country which is recognised by the Court of St. James's. In cases where a revolution has taken place in some foreign country, but the new Government has not yet been recognised by the Powers, a British subject cannot be arrested and tried under the Act for aiding and abetting in attempts to reinstate the former *régime*.

TO PREVENT HEAVY CLAIMS.

The object of the Foreign Enlistment Act is, of course, to prevent claims being made—as in the case of the Alabama—for damage done by British subjects to the property of a friendly nation. But a great deal depends upon the sympathies of the political party in power in England at the time towards the new form of government in the friendly State.

For instance, in the first Carlist War, a Foreign Legion, under Sir De Lacy Evans, was permitted to leave England for the purpose of helping the Cristinos against the Carlists; while in the second Carlist War, several Englishmen were tried and imprisoned for organising a similar legion, with the object of helping Don Carlos.

SEIZURE OF SUSPECTED SHIPS.

At the present time a government with sympathies towards the Republican rule recently established in Portugal is engaged in preventing British subjects from taking any part in an attempt to restore Dom Manoel to the throne of his ancestors; and has already held up two vessels suspected of being meant to aid in the enterprise. In the first half of the last century the British Government was, similarly, anxiously preventing Englishmen from assisting Dom Miguel in an effort to replace the lately-deposed dynasty.

The Act is, of course, dictated by the modern spirit of commercialism, and is entirely at variance with the old idea of chivalry, which permitted any knight to lend his sword to any cause in the world which he considered a just one, irrespective of whether the leaders of that cause were or were not at peace with the land of his birth. He might even fight against his own country without being dubbed a traitor; unless, of course, he had first borne arms for his native country and afterwards deserted to the enemy.

BRITISH FREELANCES.

There is no country in Europe that has not been served by natives of Great Britain at some period or other. Much Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War had for which to thank the Scottish soldiers that leavened his troops. Both Scots and Irish legions helped to win victories for Louis XIV. There were Englishmen fighting on both sides in the Franco-Prussian War, and for Turkey in the last war between the Tsar and the Sultan, as well as in Garibaldi's war against the Pope and the hereditary monarchies of Italy.

British subjects were engaged on both sides during the Carlist Wars in Spain, and in the American Civil War, as well as in the more recent Spanish-American War in Cuba and the Philippines; while they have also taken part in most of the many wars and revolutions that have occurred in Central and South America.

There will always—it is to be hoped—be adventurous spirits in these realms to whom the piping times of peace make no appeal; and who, at a time like the present, when Britain has not even the proverbial "little war" on her hands, can find nothing congenial to do. They are of the stuff that has made the British Empire what it is; and at the chance of a "scrap" in any part of the world, they are burning to be off and take their share in it on one side or the other.

For them the Foreign Enlistment Act has no terrors. They know precisely how they can slip abroad and join the army of their election, returning unmolested—if they have any luck—when the trouble is over. It is only when someone indiscreetly attempts to organise a considerable force for transport to the soil of a friendly nation that the authorities take steps to lay him and his followers by the heels.

GAINING EXPERIENCE.

As a means of preventing huge claims being made on this country by either the victor or the vanquished in a war between two friendly nations, there is no doubt that the Act is valuable; but discretion is necessary in putting it into operation.

It is advisable that experience in actual warfare should be acquired by those whose natural bent is towards fighting. When our own turn comes, the practical knowledge acquired by these bold spirits will certainly be placed at the disposal of their Mother Country.

It was so in the Boer campaign, when men who had on their own initiative and at their own expense, learnt something of war in the ranks of foreign armies, flocked to South Africa to offer their services to the Imperial Government, services without which we should have been very badly off.

C. W. West.

A GOLFING VICTORY.

ITS PROBABLE EFFECT.

Mr. H. H. Hilton's victory in the United States Amateur Golf Championship will do much toward promoting better relations between British and American golfers.

These were first strained in 1904, when Mr. W. J. Travis, the American player, won our amateur championship, on which occasion, to our great discredit, his victory was ill-received.

Then came the Schenectady putter trouble, in which the Royal and Ancient Golf Club certainly acted rather curiously in suddenly barring an American club, which had been widely used by British golfers for several years.

Why should Mr. Hilton's victory help to remove bitterness?

Well, the battle seems to have been fought out on the fairest and most sportsmanlike lines, with never a quarrel or quibble from beginning to end.

The Yankees can hardly blame us if there is a strong feeling here that when it comes to international contests they are rather apt to sacrifice all considerations of sport for the sake of winning.

Mr. Hilton, however, appears to have had an absolutely fair field, and to have been treated in the most sportsmanlike way by players and spectators alike.

Since the Schenectady split, the Americans have had their own rules of golf. These, however, do not differ greatly from our own. The use of the Schenectady putter is, of course, permitted, while, under American rules, the winner of a hole has the option of taking the honour; that is, playing first at the next hole.

With us, the winner of a hole *must* take the honour, and this may be a disadvantage to him.

For example, if there is a puzzling wind blowing, it may help him to make his opponent drive first, so that he can judge to what extent the wind is likely to affect his own shot.

HIS WEEK IN THE COUNTRY

THE STORY OF A MAN'S CHANGED OUTLOOK.

By HERBERT BENTLEY.

It was not that he was at heart a conceited man by any means. In his own circle he was a good chap, modest, full of fun, and in every way what his equals would have called a decent sort.

But when he went down into the country for his late autumn holiday, after many previous holidays spent at seaside resorts, which were practically towns, he somehow didn't hit it off with the natives.

He was merely a victim of much town experience. He had no country experience, and the fact made him rather sore at first, because he felt completely "out of the bill," as he confessed to a pal when he got back to work again. Nevertheless, he enjoyed himself.

Like thousands of townsmen, he had queer notions about the country and its people. With the arrogance born of a town life, he went down to a farmhouse with the idea that he was going to show the "bumpkins" what's what—give them a taste of town style and town ways.

One of the first things he did was to startle people by his method of dressing. What was smart and quite appropriate to the busy pavements and crowded parks hardly seemed suitable for a quiet village, where there was one pub, one church, a tin chapel, and two hundred and seventy-four inhabitants.

The consequence was that on emerging the first morning from his farm apartments, dressed in thin, smart boots, with a suit cut to his figure, a rather loud tie, and a bowler hat, he found it impossible to get on terms of pleasant mutual respect with the villagers.

All they did was to stare at him, not rudely, but with unconcealed wonder, and as people stare who are entirely unartificial in their emotions.

So as he strolled down the winding village street, he tried hard to look unconcerned, although he knew that the eyes of the majority of the two hundred and seventy-four were upon him.

Women left the washtub and peered from open cottage doors; children almost ran at his heels to get a long and near view of the stranger; and the men at work stopped and quite obviously looked him up and down; not one of them ever dreaming—though not from any rudeness or hostility, but from sheer simple interest—of giving him a "good day."

He took their silence as hostility, and himself became too nervous to make the first advance in acquaintance, which they would have been only too ready to second.

He got back to midday dinner with a hopeless sort of feeling that something was wrong, and that he had somehow aroused the enmity of the village.

This feeling tended to "put his back up," and it was, therefore, with no improved notion of his fellow villagers that he set forth upon his afternoon stroll. He took the precaution, this time, of dressing less carefully. Flannel trousers, a Norfolk jacket, and a pair of thick brown boots gave him a look more in keeping with the rural surroundings.

He was still conscious of popular interest in him, and, indeed, he found the quiet of the bar of the village inn something of a welcome refuge from too much publicity.

For the first time he found himself welcome in this far-away hamlet. A cheery "good afternoon, sir," from the innkeeper, a man of forty, with a slow gait, but an alert eye, sounded in his ears as the most welcome thing he had heard for many a long hour. He was quick to follow up the opening, and was soon feeling almost himself again as he raised his glass, and the innkeeper raised his—having accepted the stranger's invitation—with a "here's luck."

From this moment his luck, indeed, seemed to turn. By some sort of intuition, he began to realise that the difference between him and his new surroundings was not at all the difference between high and low, smart and dowdy, busy and drowsy, as it was a matter of outlook and experience.

As one or two of the villagers dropped in for their evening glass, a little later on, and he listened to their conversation, he felt that tubes, taxicabs, theatres, and picture palaces were not the essentials of existence he had, perhaps, thought them.

These men around him had another world to live in, and, as he heard their talk, he realised that he was completely ignorant of its chief characteristics.

On a balance, possibly their knowledge of his world would outweigh his of theirs.

So he carefully avoided making the stock remarks about crops, or telling the labourers what they really needed in the way of weather.

The landlord, he observed, was a tactful man, who had just the appropriate word for every customer. He saw, too, that the bar parlour was the neutral ground of the village, where all men who came and could pay were welcome, and enjoyed equal rights.

He returned to this house later in the evening. It no longer appeared to him such a barn as it did when he first entered it, straight from the gilded places and soft seats of the town saloon bar. He liked its bare severity, its big brown table, its long forms, its uneven brick floor.

And in time, most of all he liked the round-faced, brown workmen whose conversation he gradually began to understand, and in which he occasionally joined. He found them quick to appreciate a story.

Two evenings later there was a tap at his door, and the farmer's wife said that George Dicker, the village captain, wanted to see him. George came in, cap in hand. He did not wait for formalities, but came to the point. "Would you be so good as to play football with us a-Saturday?" he asked.

The honour was not to be refused, and the game was a good one, and the village won, and the week in the country was extended to a fortnight.

A SNACK AT MIDNIGHT.

Most men know what it is to return to the diggings very late—and very hungry. The evening, perhaps, has been so filled with one sort of engagement and another that there has been no time to get a square meal.

By the time the fact comes home to you that you are ravenously hungry, the restaurants are closed, and, if you have not made provision for these occasions, there is nothing for it but to go hungry to bed and try to forget it in sleep.

It is not, however, by any means difficult or expensive to keep on hand just a small supply of eatables and drinkables, which are always ready in the cupboard.

Hard, dry biscuits, and any one of the many sorts of cheese that will keep, and a glass of beer, are welcome at such times.

These, and many other eatables, can be kept by any man in diggings at practically no expense, and when they are wanted they are very welcome indeed.

CLUB NEWS.

HULL.—A general meeting of the Hull Modern Man Club will be held on Tuesday, October 3, at 7.30 p.m., at the Newington Hall, when all League members and readers will be heartily welcomed. The hon. secretary is Mr. C. H. Vipond, 154, Albert Avenue, Hull.

LIVERPOOL.—Readers are asked to make a special note of the fact that a whist drive has been arranged by the above Club, and will be held at Claremont House, Everton Road, on Wednesday, October 4. Tickets, price 1s. 6d. each, which will include refreshments, may be had from the entertainment secretary, Mr. W. A. Reynolds, 12, Pendennis Street, Anfield. It need hardly be stated that all readers will be heartily welcomed by Mr. Reynolds and the members assisting him.

BRIGHTON.—At a recent meeting of the Brighton and Hove Modern Man Social and Athletic Club, the members voted to decide who should hold the challenge cup, which is held by the most popular member. The voting resulted in the cup being won by Mr. A. W. H. Jones, the club's genial hon. instructor.

THE THRESHERS' CAMP.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE RICK YARD.

No matter how late the humming thresher works into the twilight of evening during the week, there is a complete cessation of all work from Saturday night till Monday morning. The men, nevertheless, spend the hours in divers ways, as I noticed on coming upon their Sunday camp and finding them in the midst of what must be called their household duties.

They were five in number, this crew that worked the thresher, and they had covered two or three counties already, passing from one farm to another according to a pre-arranged time-table fixed up between the owner of the thresher, who was their master, and the farmers who had corn to thresh, but no thresher of their own.

All but the "biggest" men nowadays find it cheaper to hire a thresher, crew and all, for a day or two than to put capital into one of their own, which would stand in the shed with a tarpaulin cover for ten months of the year, rusting its vitals away for lack of work.

RESTING.

There were five of them, when I jumped a stile and found myself in a farmyard clearing, where many a plough stood within the zinc-roofed barns.

It was a warm Sunday morning. Away down the track the engine stood silent and cold, with no life in it. A tarpaulin covered its delicate parts, and to it was attached the actual thresher, that machine of many wheels and drums and holes that does all the work. This, too, was covered up.

Away on the grass, using the fallen trees as lounges, the threshers were gathered, smoking pipes. Their blue and red shirts were open at the neck, disclosing swarthy, hairy chests. One slept soundly, his old hat dented in and forming a pillow, and his grey, bushy beard mingling with the dusty ground.

Another tended a fire that had obviously burned all night, judging by the heap of ashes that had collected. A blackened pot was lodged upon the new logs he had put on the red-hot mass, and something was simmering within it. A whiff of savoury vegetables came across the grass to me as I passed, and almost I could have joined them and enjoyed it.

CLEANING UP.

Sunday for these men was, it also appeared, washing day both for themselves and their clothes. Two of the five were busily engaged, one with clothes, and the other with himself. The former, with sleeves tucked up, bent over a pail of water and soapsuds, and was vigorously rubbing the dirt from a many-coloured shirt. Now he would wring it out and look at it critically; and again, still dissatisfied, he would plunge it back into the pail and administer another scrubbing. Then, satisfied, he gave it a final wring, spread it out in all its brazen ungainliness, and hung it on a neighbouring hedge.

Behind the barn, where the sun did not dazzle his eyes, was another member of the crew. He seemed younger than the others, and he was carefully shaving himself. His mirror was an irregularly-shaped piece of glass not larger than the palm of his hand, but by turning this way and that he seemed to make a clean job of the week's beard.

Perhaps he intended walking round to the village during the evening, for I noticed his clothes were less draggled and greasy than those of the elder men, all of whom seemed anxious to finish work and go to sleep on the grass.

ROMANCE.

Romance still lingered in the heart of the younger man, I supposed. And, in truth, he was a fine figure, bronzed, knotty with shapely muscles, and with an attractive natural curl in his hair that might captivate any village girl. He had a gay and jaunty look, too, and when the shaving process allowed it he would sing snatches of a light sentimental song.

Purposely I visited the spot when darkness had fallen later on, to see the camp by night. I could make out four figures round about the almost dying fire, and could hear now and then brief snatches of conversation between two of the men. There came also, unmistakable sounds of deep sleep from the shadow of the fallen tree.

But for the fifth man I looked in vain. Was it the young and jaunty one, with the curly hair who was still roaming? Probably. He would return later when all good village girls had gone home.

M. Bruce.

SPORTING KIT

HOW IT SHOULD BE OVERHAULED JUST NOW.

The sportsman is now putting away his bat and ball, his racket and his gaudy flannel blazer, with a sigh for summer's departed glories, but he consoles himself by routing out from another drawer or cupboard implements required for the winter game of his choice.

These, however, will have been in retirement for so long that they will need overhauling in some way or other; and it is my object to give a few pointers on the preparation, at this season, of the sporting kit that will come within the province of the average man.

OVERHAULING YOUR KNICKERS.

In by far the majority of cases that kit will consist of footer togs. There are two things of paramount importance which should always be done to these. First of all, have a look at your knickers and see that the back-strap which keeps them up (if they are of the modern type) or the front button (if they are old-fashioned) is quite secure.

It was doubtless neglect of this important point that led to the discomfiture of a Welsh International back in a match against Bradford City at Manningham Lane about five years ago. He booted the ball lustily—so lustily, indeed, that something snapped, causing a sudden descent of the player's knickers. He had the presence of mind, happily, to sit down quickly, when the other players made a ring round him, and the little defect was remedied.

RENEWING THE BOOT STUDS.

Have a look at the studs on your boots. If they are at all worn down and of irregular length, it is advisable to get some new ones. You need not send your boots to the cobbler, for you can get cards of leather studs with nails already inserted for fixing. It is, however, advisable to get good ones. Some can be had for as little as a penny, but the leather is wretched stuff and will soon wear away.

A word, now, about the bladder of your football. It is to be hoped that you took this out at the end of last season and left it on a shelf by itself, and just a little inflated. If you didn't, have a look at it; and I'm sorely afraid you'll find that it has stuck to the inside of the leather case.

If you are a cyclist with a predilection for fast riding, overhaul your sweater and see that there are no holes in it, especially in the chest. When you are riding fast against the wind a hole in the chest of your sweater will often leave you open to serious injury. Indeed, more than one careless professional flyer has contracted pneumonia in that way. If there is a hole, get some kindly-disposed member of the fair sex to darn it for you.

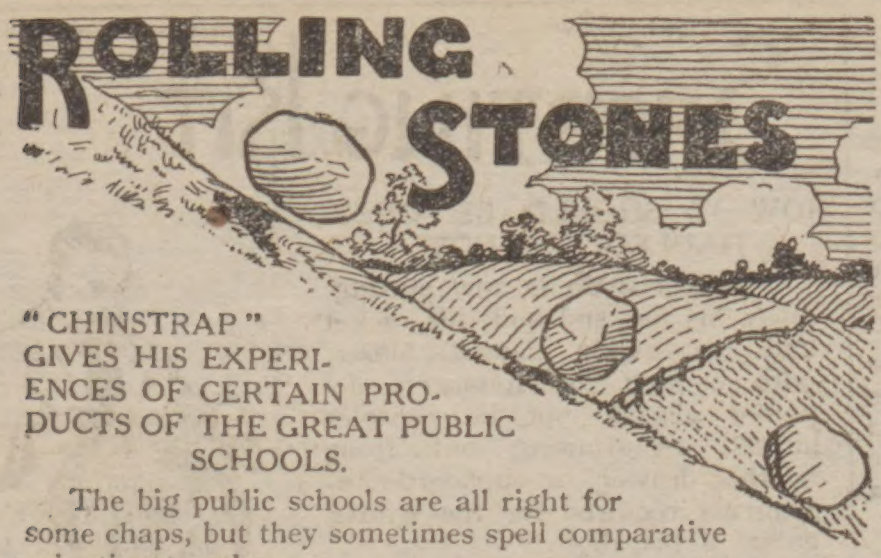
FOR CROSS-COUNTRY MEN.

A good many readers of this paper are cross-country runners, and will be getting ready for steeplechases or hare-and-hounds. Such men may be strongly advised to wear thick woollen socks or stockings, like a footballer's.

Of late years it has been an affectation among running men to wear skinny little socks and to fold them into a thick ridge just above each shoe. But the old school of runners was the wiser. The man who has to plunge into a ditch of ice-cold, muddy water is generally unhurt if he is wearing thick, warm, and absorbent wool on his legs; but if he follows the modern fashion, he is most surely laying up a store of rheumatism for later on—if, indeed, he doesn't get it in the next few days.

The boxing man will be busy soon, and if he is wise, he will clean the mildew off his gloves. But brush it off—*don't* use turpentine. I know a man who did, and when the fluid sank into a raw spot on his cheek as a result of a punch, he sincerely wished he hadn't.

H. H. Clifton.



"CHINSTRAP" GIVES HIS EXPERIENCES OF CERTAIN PRODUCTS OF THE GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The big public schools are all right for some chaps, but they sometimes spell comparative ruination to others.

It isn't only the sons of rich men who go to Eton, Harrow and so on. Often the moderately poor parent pinches and scrapes to send his son to a public school. The "swan" turns out to be a goose, fails to pass for the Army, the Bar, or any of the other recognised professions. His father has spent all his money on his education, and cannot afford to give him a good start in business, even when the lad has any inclination for it, which, as a rule, he has not.

AN UNSETTLING EDUCATION.

As an ex-public school boy, I am loth to criticise public schools unfavourably, but it is a dangerous experiment to send a boy to one unless he is either exceptionally clever or is destined to lead the life of a man-about-town or of a country gentleman.

The public school rarely fits a man for business or commercial life—why should it, when the majority of the boys' parents do not intend them for either career? On the other hand, it often turns the boy out a ready-made rolling-stone.

I have met dozens and dozens of them all over the world.

They are not bad chaps, these public school rolling-stones. In fact, they are often devilish good chaps, but their character is complex and curious.

Sometimes they seem to be absolutely without ambition. I remember one who enlisted on the same day that I joined, which meant that we went through recruits' drill together.

REFUSING PROMOTION.

He was a very good chap, and everybody was anxious to push him on to a commission, which it so happened he could afford to take. But he didn't want a commission, though to satisfy his governor he made some pretence of trying for one.

I have the best of reasons, however, for believing that when he went up for his first-class education certificate, he deliberately failed, and thus put the kybosh on possible promotion. He was perfectly happy as a corporal, and when discharged, promptly went and enlisted in a Colonial police force.

The public school rolling-stone clings to his class prejudices and customs as he clings to his evening dress suit, whether he is serving as a police trooper or a bar tender. Anyone who has not been at a public school he calls a "bounder," though he does not use the term offensively, and is often the best of pals with those whom he thus stigmatises, but to him the man who has not been at a public school is in a different class of humanity altogether.

AN EYE-GLASS AND PATCHED BREECHES.

Nevertheless, he gets on quite well with the "lower classes," and, although he never sticks to anything long, he is ready to turn his hand to almost any so-called menial occupation.

I remember when trekking through Bechuanaland, I stopped at a "store" (general shop). The assistant behind the counter was an old Etonian, and he weighed out butter and cut cheese as if to the manner born. I am sure, however, that he would have died first rather than have parted with his single eye-glass.

He was rather a quaint figure. His flannel shirt was as clean as scrubbing could make it, but he was coatless and collarless, while a rear view of his breeches revealed the fact that they had been patched with a piece of sacking which had once belonged to Messrs. Tate, the sugar people.

On his feet he wore *veldtschoen*, which are low, heelless shoes of untanned leather, and he crowned it all with his black-rimmed, black-ribboned monocle.

He seemed to be perfectly happy. His only anxiety was to know whether a certain lady-about-town was still to be found at "Jimmy's," though why he should have asked me, I am sure I don't know.

IN THE COLONIAL POLICE.

Colonial police forces are simply packed with ex-public schoolboys. Indeed, it used to be said of the N.M.P. (Natal Mounted Police) that you had no chance of getting into it—as a trooper, mind you—unless you came from either Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby.

Occasionally these police-troopers do well. Scouring the country as they do, they sometimes get on the track of valuable concessions or undiscovered mines.

I know one Cape Mounted Rifleman who was so successful in quietly buying up land (strictly against the regulations) for a mere song, that he returned to England a fifty-thousand-pounder.

The puzzle, however, is what becomes of these rolling-stones. They can't go on rolling for ever. Some of them have the best of reasons for not returning to the Old Country, but others don't seem to want to.

Yet I never met an elderly public school rolling-stone abroad. They seem to disappear when they are about thirty or thirty-five.

RUNNING A CAPETOWN GAMBLING HELL.

Occasionally as young men they go right under and become bar loafers and even worse. I remember a secret gambling hell at Capetown which was run by an old Marlborough boy, and you didn't get a straight game either, and when "B. P." was shut up in Mafeking he had to shoot an ex-public school man for attempted treachery.

But the average public school rolling-stone is straight enough. He is not unintelligent, nor is he afraid of hard work, for life as a police-trooper is not all beer and skittles, while it is no joke working twelve hours a day in a burning-hot galvanised iron store crammed with malodorous niggers.

Yet he rarely "makes good," and, what is more, I don't believe he wants to. He seems perfectly content to knock about the world without any definite aims or prospects, and gathering no "moss."

The puzzle, as I say, is what becomes of him in the end, for if rolling-stones of other brands are to be met with at all ages, the elderly public school rolling-stone is as rare as a dead donkey.

CHINSTRAP.

WHEN SPORTSMEN SWEAR.

When they have just dropped a fly cunningly over the nose of a big trout who looks like taking it, and some fool comes up from behind and shouts, "Hoi! Has ta gotten a lucifer on tha?"

When they are looking forward to playing inside-right in the big match next day and drop a heavy dumb-bell on their big toe, and crush it so badly that they can't turn out.

When they have landed a powerful left on their opponent's and are just going to "out" him with a right-hand punch and the gong goes just in time to save him.

Where IS Nice Place?

THE HANDY DUSTER.

Few things are so handy to a man at many moments of his sojourn in diggings as a duster.

Again and again a man just wants something to rub the dust off his books, or his looking glass, or his football boots, which have lain neglected so long. There is no duster available. He looks round him in something like despair. There that will do instead, and as often as not he finds an old handkerchief, or even the sleeve of an old coat, or his cap, or the table cloth—yes, the table cloth!

This hunt for the right thing would be saved if he took the trouble to keep in a drawer a good duster which any woman will provide for him. Or he can buy one cheaply.

LIFE AS A MILKMAN

AN OPEN-AIR LIFE, AND A COMPARATIVELY WELL-PAID ONE.

The milk trade is one that attracts many men, for the work is chiefly in the open air, and in some cases there is the sporting satisfaction of having a horse to drive.

It is, therefore, interesting to review the conditions of labour in this line and the amount of wages paid.

The man who comes home when the sun is up, and who, as he inserts his latchkey with an anxious attempt at silence, espies a milk-can on the top doorstep, gives it no thought; unless, perhaps, it "rubs in," as it were, the lateness (or rather earliness) of the hour. But that can has been left there by a man—one whose way of earning a living is little known; but whose income compares favourably with that of many who might account themselves his social superiors.

There is money in milk, and the milkman gets a fair share of it—though, perhaps, he has to work hard in the earning.

THE WAGES PAID.

The average age at which he starts in actual charge of a cart is sixteen, but previous to that he will have gone the rounds with a man, helping the latter by running up and down stairs for him, and so on.

When he is at last given a cart to himself, however, he will earn, perhaps, about ten shillings a week at first, which will, however, be quickly raised to about fifteen or sixteen shillings.

This wage is generally raised after that period by small annual increments to about 30s. or 35s. as a maximum.

In addition to this he is allowed a small commission on the daily takings, which commission varies according to his employer's generosity and the amount of the man's actual wages. On an average it may be computed at about 1d. in the shilling.

Thus at quite an early age many a milkman will earn some twenty-eight or thirty shillings a week. This, incidentally, is why so many milkmen, even quite young ones, are married men.

LONG HOURS.

Their hours, however, are long. They must be at the depôt at 5.30 to receive the milk, which a carrier usually delivers from the station by contract. There is an early morning round till about eight; cans must be washed and horses attended to till about nine, when the milkman may go home for a spell.

At about 10.30 he is back at the dairy again, ready to go out on the early afternoon round. This lasts till about one o'clock, when the milkman goes home again for his midday meal.

At two o'clock, however, he is back at work again, cleaning the yard, washing cans, and so on; doing anything, in short, until about 3 p.m., at which time he starts out on the third, and, generally, the last round of the day.

Generally his work is over by half-past five or six in the afternoon.

COMPARED WITH THE CLERK.

Thus we see that his actual working hours, counting out rests and meals, are about 9½ or 10 per day, rather a long spell in these times of agitations for an "eight-hours day"; but, as we have seen, the milkman is not insufficiently rewarded with money.

For a youngster to be earning about £1 10s., and a full-grown man some £2 5s. or £2 10s. per week (sometimes more) does not compare at all badly with the lot of the average clerk in small employment, whose average salary has been shown by statistics to be at the most 35s. a week in London, and 30s. in the provinces.

On the other hand, the milkman has one or two drawbacks.

He has, first of all, to work seven days in the week. Again, in most cases, he is held responsible for all bad debts on his round.

Thus, suppose a customer owes, say, 30s., this will mean a serious depletion of the man's wages for some weeks, for it will be deducted in weekly sums of half-a-crown, or perhaps more. Indeed, two or three bad debts at once are enough to make a milkman grind his teeth, especially if he is married.

Milkmen employed by big companies, however, are not held responsible in this way. Debts in this case are collected in the ordinary manner, through the County Court; but a company does not generally pay its men so big a salary as a private employer, perhaps for this reason.

The man who is possessed with a little capital and who also has the necessary practical experience of the work can set up a small milk business on his own account, and do very well at it. In fact, most of the big firms have developed from such small beginnings.

When working "on your own," there is, of course, no limit to the amount you may earn, provided you are enterprising.

H. BIGGS.

THE PHEASANT.

PHEASANT SHOOTING BEGINS TO-DAY, OCTOBER 2.

Though Englishmen have the reputation for not taking kindly to foreigners, we have certainly made an exception in the case of the pheasant. A native of China has come and seen and conquered, and so completely has he won our hearts, that to many he seems not such a stranger, but a typical inhabitant of our secluded woods.

The date of his coming is uncertain, but it was probably coincident with the Roman invasion, and he has certainly by now won his right to be considered as a British bird.

Emphatically he is a luxury, for, were it not for stringent and expensive preservation, he would soon fade into things of the past and be quickly exterminated from the land which has adopted him.

Popular report has suggested a pound a head as the price of every pheasant brought to bag, but a third of this sum would probably be much nearer the mark.

In a good season partridges and grouse can safely be relied upon to look after themselves, but the care of the pheasant is altogether different. Nature made the hen bird a somewhat careless and forgetful mother, and though she sits well and usually brings out a nice family, she is apt to walk them off their legs, and is not particular about leaving a few behind if she comes to an obstacle which she can surmount and the chicks cannot. Consequently, incubators and the domestic fowl and the game farm come to the assistance of landowner and gamekeeper, and the bulk of the pheasants that are shot are hatched out just as if they were fowls.

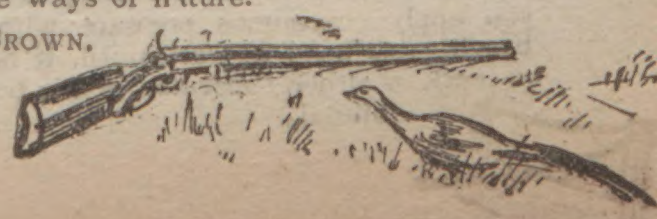
The ignorant look on this as unsportsmanlike, but it is only because they do not realise that the pheasant is an untamable bird and that, once he has been put into the coverts, he becomes as wild and intolerant of human approach as any natural offspring of the woods.

Reared as the latter or by domestic methods, the pheasant is a strong, fast flier, and properly shown at a good height, he will test the powers of the best guns with the best of men behind them.

It should not, however, be thought that all pheasants are home bred; in a good year a very large number reach maturity without any human assistance beyond protection from vermin.

Pheasant shooting, however, has of late years been done on a very large scale, and a bag of a thousand birds in a day is no longer wondered at. Nature by herself could not supply such totals, and so man has stepped in and helped. He has by no means spoiled sport by his interference, but rather improved it, and, though hunting pheasants with gun and spaniel is admirable fun, there is nothing to compare with the grand rocketers that sail far over the tallest trees, the product of man's thought and industry allied with the ways of nature.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.



WRESTLING FOULS

ILLEGAL AND PAINFUL HOLDS DESCRIBED.

By A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER.

The recent contest between Gotch and Hackenschmidt in which the "Russian Lion" was beaten for the second time, and wherein unfair methods have once more been imputed to the winner by some people, is another instance of the difficulty that attaches to the judging of fair and foul wrestling—at any rate from the spectator's point of view.

There are many styles of wrestling, the Græco-Roman, Catch-as-Catch-Can, the Cornish, the Lancashire, the Cumberland method, and so on, in which the rules vary to such an extent that what is a foul in one might be admitted in another.

I can give, however, an outline of some kinds of holds which would be declared to be foul under any rules at the present time.

SQUEEZING THE NECK.

"Throttling" is the principal one, and it is very difficult to detect. Among the rules of almost any code of wrestling you will find that "it is unfair to try to injure an opponent in any tender part of the body, or to throttle him."

Throttling is generally done by unfair wrestlers when their adversary is on his hands and knees and they have difficulty in pulling him up and over and on to his back. So they get one arm round his neck and squeeze as well as pull.

By the way, this point should be noted. To get your arm around your man's neck and simply *pull* is quite legitimate, for the reason that in the ordinary way, a man who is on his hands and knees will get up before his neck is dislocated; but to *squeeze* him at the same time, so that he cannot breathe, is a distinct and disreputable foul.

It is a strange fact, however, and I say it even though I may earn the disapproval of some northern readers, that in Lancashire wrestling, when the hot Lancastrian blood is up, throttling is very often resorted to.

BREAKING A FINGER.

Another shady trick, which though it was admitted at one time is nowadays always stopped by the referee, consists of "hoiking" a man over by getting hold of one of his little fingers and pulling it back, so that if he resists it must be broken.

Eyeball pushing tactics are fairly common fouls, by reason of their being difficult to detect.

Say that the underneath man is flat on his stomach, and the other is trying to turn him over on to his back. Well, it is quite legitimate for him to seize the recumbent man by the forehead and try to force him round.

What a foul wrestler will try to do, however, is to get his hand, or hands, on the other man's head, so that the palms of the hands are on the forehead, and the fingers project over the eyes. Then what he does is to apply a steady pressure on the eyeballs until the victim cries out, when, of course, he quickly withdraws the fingers for the benefit of the referee.

THE "DOUBLE NELSON."

A stroke which is never practised now, and which by reason of its cruelty might almost be termed a foul, is the once popular "double Nelson." The "half-Nelson" is used nowadays in every bout; but the "double" variety is soon stopped by the referee, if it is attempted.

It consists in getting behind your man, and putting both your arms under his arms respectively, right under right and left under left. You then slip your hands round to the back of his neck and clasp them there. After this, you apply continuous pressure with your clasped hands, bending his head forward until, if he refuses to give way, his neck is either dislocated or his breastbone is dreadfully injured.

L. B.

MY NOTEBOOK.

WHERE IS "NICE PLACE"?

The question is being asked by many, but no one seems to be able to answer it satisfactorily.

The problem is not unconnected with the most amusing advertising scheme that has been devised during recent years. I am not going to say very much more about it, for I want those who are interested to enjoy the joke for themselves.

Send me a large stamped and addressed envelope, and I shall forward you, free of all charge, a packet of high-class picture postcards.

On one side of these cards appear the photographs of men prominent in the public eye. On the other side there are a few words.

The game is to drop one of these postcards in the train or on the pavement, and wait till someone picks it up; assuredly it will be picked up, for the card is very attractive—on both sides.

When the card has been picked up, it is then you laugh.

We have purchased a first batch of 100,000 of these cards, and shall send them out in strict accordance with the dates of the applications. If you want to have a packet you had better, therefore, drop me a postcard without delay, as this first batch will soon be exhausted, and we may have to wait some time for the production of the second.

Please mark your application "Nice Place."

CLERICAL BOXERS.

At the present moment, when so many clergymen have inveighed against the Johnson-Wells contest in particular, and, indirectly, against boxing in general, it is refreshing to find that the North Queensland championship boxing contest, just held at Charters Towers, Australia, has been won by the Rev. Hulton Sama.

Some clergymen are thorough sportsmen, and I venture to suggest that their influence for good, especially among the men of their congregations, is far greater than that of the clergymen who frown puritanically upon all sorts of innocent sports and amusements.

The view of the latter appears to be that because they do not enjoy a thing themselves it must necessarily be bad.

I know that some people think one must be very miserable all the time if one is to be good, but I can't see it.

Amusements, sports, and the health to enjoy them were given to us to make up for the harder side of life, and why should we not take pleasure in these things?

There is a world of difference between real, honest, unassuming goodness and the much-paraded virtue of those who strive to appear good in the sight of men.

THE R.S.P.C.A.

I hoped to be able to deal more fully this week with the methods of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Our investigations, however, have taken longer than I expected, and I shall be obliged to postpone the matter for another week.

Meantime, I am happy to be in a position to assist in a substantial manner those against whom the R.S.P.C.A. may bring groundless charges, and who may not be in a position to secure legal assistance in their defence.

Any reader who receives a summons at the instigation of the R.S.P.C.A., should at once write to me, stating the full and true particulars of the case. I shall then put him into communication with a gentleman who is well versed in the matter of horses, and who has won over one hundred and fifty cases against the R.S.P.C.A.

Solicitors engaged in such cases are also invited to take this opportunity of securing special information.

In order to ensure that the applications which are made to me are genuine ones, I must insist that they be accompanied by the summons.

In this way, something can be done for those who cannot afford to defend themselves in the courts in the usual manner. I need scarcely add that what we can do for them will be done entirely free of charge, for our only interest in the matter is to further the ends of justice.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

FAMOUS ATHLETES ON THE HALLS.

A PROTEST.

Thank goodness, Mr. W. T. Burgess, the Channel swimmer, has declined the offers made to him to appear on the music-hall stage.

It is doubtful whether he ever seriously entertained them. The incident, however, raises the question of the conduct of these music-hall managers who, with their bags of gold, tempted Mr. Burgess to degrade himself and sport in general by making a raree-show of himself.

Much is heard nowadays about the "elevation" of the music-halls. The suggestive or red-nosed comedian and other objectionable features are supposed to have been swept away, and it is fair to say that at most halls this is not mere supposition, but accomplished fact.

In their place, however, we far too often get the "freak" turn, in which the principal is in no way a genuine performer, but simply a person who, for one reason or another, has become famous or, more usually, notorious, and is exhibited as a curiosity at so much a peep.

A SILENT MAN.

What could Mr. Burgess have done to entertain a music-hall audience?

He is said to be a silent man, with no gift of the gab. Indeed, in one offer it was stipulated that he should provide a lecturer, the presumption being that he was to stand by like a prize ox while the "auctioneer" expatiated on his points! Could anything be more offensive to all ideas of sport and manliness?

The modern music-hall manager sticks at nothing in order to pander to the morbid curiosity of a section—at least, I think it is only a section—of his patrons.

Beulah Binford, the light-o'-love of Beattie, the convicted American murderer, for whose sake he is said to have committed the crime, is to appear on the American music-hall stage. Can we say that we are any better in this respect than the Yankees?

I think not, remembering that Wood, accused of the Brighton Town murder, was invited to appear at a London music-hall, though, if my memory serves me, the powerful music-hall society of "Water Rats" prevented his doing so at the last moment. Still, the intention to exhibit him was there.

DRAWING TURNS.

Miss Violet Charlesworth, of mythical fortune "fame," will actually appear at a London music-hall, and the exhibiting of "eminent" divorcées, criminals, and other people of notorious and most unsavoury character is common enough.

The question, however, of most interest to M.M. readers is sportsmen and athletes as music-hall performers.

There is certainly something to be said in favour of the music-hall pugilists.

The champion boxer does do something beyond grinning through a horse-collar. He gives an exhibition of skill which it has taken him years to acquire, and, this being so, he is, perhaps, as genuine an artist as the music-hall acrobat. But to a great extent it is chiefly curiosity that makes people go to see a boxer on the stage.

It is said that if Johnson is beaten by Wells his music-hall value will drop almost to zero. Why should it if his entertainment is worth seeing on its merits?

KEEPING GENUINE ARTISTS AWAY.

Cricketers, footballers—I am not alluding to Goodall, whose turn goes on its merits, and has nothing to do with sport—swimmers, and walkers, however, appear on the music-hall stage, and there is no pretence of their being able to give a genuinely interesting performance.

It may be said, what does it matter? Well, I hold no brief for music-hall artists, but the prevalence of these "freak" turns is extremely unfair to them.

Some hard-working man or woman has to be left out to make room for the "freak." Well, you may say, that can't be helped, business is business, and managers must give the public what they want.

Very well, but in that case, don't let the managers cant about elevating the tone of the music-halls. And do the public really want these sensation-mongering turns? A section may, but I question very much whether the average healthy-minded person wants to see notorious women glorying in their shame or famous athletes exhibited like cattle.

F. J. PARKER.

BARRACK ROOM HUMOUR

"An' Tommy ain't a b'oomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!"

—KIPLING.

It happens more often than not that barracks are erected at a considerable distance from the nearest town, so that the soldier is thrown on his own resources for the provision of enjoyment.

The first few months of life in barracks are generally sufficient to give him quite a keen sense of humour, for the old saying about like breeding like has its sway here as elsewhere.

THE UNWASHED RECRUIT.

Some regiments are up-to-date enough to possess a dramatic club, and, when funds permit, they are generally fitted out with a room provided with a stage, with scenery and all the necessary paraphernalia, and any talent, genuine or otherwise, which the regiment may possess, is given every opportunity to display itself.

But it is more of the individual, and sometimes unconscious, humorist that I wish to write, and in the service it is undoubtedly the unrehearsed humour that is the most effectual.

If there is one character the soldier dislikes, it is the person with a reputation for bodily uncleanliness, and many and varied are the methods he invents for showing his contempt.

One recruit whom I remember, with an apparent indifference to cleanliness, was shamed into reform by a method peculiarly amusing.

DANGER.

One morning, on returning to his barrack-room from parade, he found to his shame that some wag had chalked a semi-circle on the floor around his bed, shutting it off, as it were, in a space fairly large, and had added the words "Danger Zone. Beware," in large letters round the inside of the line. A small red flag, fastened to his cane and stuck in the floor in the centre of the circle, provided the finishing touch and cured him of his unpardonable failing.

As a specimen of unconscious humour, I think the following hard to beat.

A sergeant of Irish parentage and breeding happened to be in charge of a squad of men undergoing their recruits' course of musketry.

In one particularly easy practice one of his pupils failed to hit the target, the whole of the five rounds going to goodness knows where.

The youngster's crestfallen look only added fuel to the flames of his wrath, and as the recruit left the firing point, his instructor yelled:

"And if ye should at any toime foind yersilf bound to let go an *accidental* round, begorra, take aim at somebody, and shure, it's no har-r-m ye'll be afther doin', at all."

A FERVENT WISH.

"Look here," said another instructor of the same party to a backward pupil of his, "don't go blazing away your rounds like that. Take more time. Your eye is watering, you're straining it too much. Rest it, and look at something green."

Sixty seconds afterwards the youngster was asked what the deuce he meant by staring so long at his instructor.

A gymnastic instructor was teaching a squad how to climb the rope, and to a man who made a very poor attempt he said:

"Come, come, you ought to do better than that, you know. You have the wrong style altogether. I never before saw such a clumsy man. Shall I show you again?"

It was only the feigned but immovably set look of innocence on the youngster's face that averted a storm as he instantly replied:

"Yes, sergeant, I should very much like you to go to another *clime*."

E. HAMILTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

QUIXOTIC SELBY

By ADAM STERN.

The tinkling music and dash of a tambourine had been going on for some time. Then the sounds abruptly ceased, and a burst of laughter, followed by the bangings of mugs on tables, reached the ears of those who made the bar-parlour of the "Dog and Partridge," Woolveley, their meeting-place of an evening.

"A fair game they be having in there," observed old Farmer Ferriday from his corner, with a reproving shake of his hoary head. "What be doing now, Jarge?"

George Potts, the landlord, at his point of vantage in the doorway communicating with the bar, where he could talk with his intimates in the parlour the while he kept an eye on the customers in the tap-room, was guffawing in unison with the rest.

"The wench has tumbled down," he answered. "Flopped down all of a heap!"

"Mebbe she's tight," suggested Venables, the village tailor.

Wilf Horner, the assistant at the local "stores," got up with the curiosity of youth to see.

"Where?" he asked, on tiptoe beside the burly form of the landlord. "Oh, she's up now! What was the idea? Part of the show? What a wicked-looking brute she's got with her—that chap with the guitar! I saw 'em through the window of the shop this afternoon, him playing and her dancing. Looks fair beat, doesn't she? A dog's life some of these vagrants lead!"

The farm labourers, with a liveliness uncommon in them, were shouting for more. Coins rattled in a tin cup, which the minstrel was handing round. The girl sat huddled on a bench, her face lowered.

Having collected all he could, the minstrel held out the cup invitingly to the landlord, who shook his head. Wilf Horner was feeling in his pocket, but suddenly thought he would like to have more for his money.

"I don't see why they should have all the fun," he said. "Let's have 'em in here now. What say?" he queried, turning and appealing to the company.

The landlord looked round, and receiving general acquiescence, beckoned with a finger. The minstrel, with a word to the girl, approached the door with alacrity. She got up wearily, and followed him. In another moment they were in the parlour, the man baring yellow teeth in a smile.

He was short and thickset, with a shelving brow, high, prominent cheekbones, and narrow, restless eyes. A cosmopolitan would have known him in an instant for a Russian peasant.

The girl was so frail as to appear a mere framework of bones. Her bedraggled skirt hung several inches short of her ankles, revealing scarlet stockings, ending in dirty high-heeled red shoes. Her black shock hair was uncovered, and there was a sullen expression on the thin, pinched face, heightened by the downcast eyes and the droop of the under-lip.

She stood listlessly, with one hand on her hip, waiting while Horner pushed the table and chairs out of the way. Then the minstrel twanged out a chord on his balalaika, and the girl, dragging her feet, moved a little farther into the room. He struck up a lilting melody. She did not stir.

"Katrina!" he snapped.

She lifted her eyes and looked at him.

Wilf Horner experienced a peculiar thrill on perceiving their full, brooding glance—eyes that were the eyes of a woman, while her body was that of a child; understanding and disillusioned, yet replete with the strange, indescribable patience of the East.

"Katrina!" said the minstrel once more.

Her gaze fell before his, and her feet stirred, but still she refused to start, the sullenness of her countenance deepening.

The minstrel rasped forth a sentence in Russian—a sentence which made her shiver. He began to play again, and, with heavy listlessness, she struck her tambourine above her head, and commenced a tarantelle.

At first her movements were lifeless, dispirited. It was as though her will had lost its power over limbs that ached to be allowed to rest.

But presently, as the music quickened, the lethargy vanished. She shook back her head, and into the thin demalion figure crept a fire and grace which tightened up the [illegible] stirred one's blood to watch. She had the quality of a darting flame, the quick, tense suppleness of a fencer's wrist. To and fro she went, heel meeting the floor electrically; round and round with tambourine clashing—a vibrant creature of almost desperate abandon.

The audience looked on with varying expressions of approval; Horner, more volatile, working up into a state of exclamatory enthusiasm.

So enrapt was their attention that they noticed the advent of Richard Selby—a new visitant to the inn, but none the less popular—who stood near the door, watching the dancing girl with a steady, keen interest.

The dance grew frenzied. The girl, with her hair flying, body and limbs moving with incredible rapidity, was like some fierce ecstatic thing made beautiful by madness, while the minstrel, tattooing with one foot on the floor, worked his fingers like one possessed.

Then, abruptly, unexpectedly, the girl collapsed.

She went down with a gasp, resting her weight on one palm, and sinking her face so low that it almost touched the floor.

The minstrel ceased playing, and looked at her intently for a moment. Then, disguising his feelings under a thin, cruel smile, intended to be conciliatory, he slung his instrument over his shoulder, and proceeded to pass round the tin cup.

"I say," said Wilf Horner, uncomfortably, as he dropped in a contribution, "is that part of the show?"—he indicated the prostrate girl.

"Yes, yes. That is how the dance ends—just so," replied the man, nodding vigorously.

"Oh, well! of course that's all right then." But he eyed the girl doubtfully, as she struggled to her feet and staggered to a chair.

The minstrel, reaching Selby, was rewarded with a shilling, given without a word. Passing on, he came to Farmer Graydon, a heavy-faced, thick-lipped man, notorious for his coarse living and brutality to his wife; he had watched the girl throughout with a peculiar, glistening avidity.

"Tell her to dance again," he said, as the cup was shaken before him.

There was a momentary silence.

"No, hang it!" protested Horner. "She's [illegible] whacked! Any fool can see that!"

"I want to see her dance again," was the stubborn, emphatic reply.

The minstrel shrugged his shoulders, and his small eyes glanced slantwise at the girl.

Graydon drew some money from his pocket, and carelessly selected a half-crown. Getting up, he crossed to the girl and offered it to her.

She averted her head, making no motion to take the money.

"Take it from the kind gentleman, Katrina," [illegible] minstrel.

"I can no more," she answered, huskily.

"Yes you can," the minstrel went on in a singsong of insinuation. "A little minute to rest yourself, and then you will be able to oblige the gentleman."

"No more," she whispered.

She withdrew her hand as Graydon attempted to put the money into it.

"Katrina!" snarled the minstrel.

"That'll do," interposed Richard, with a quietness which commanded attention. "We don't want any more of it."

"Who doesn't?" said Graydon, looking at him.

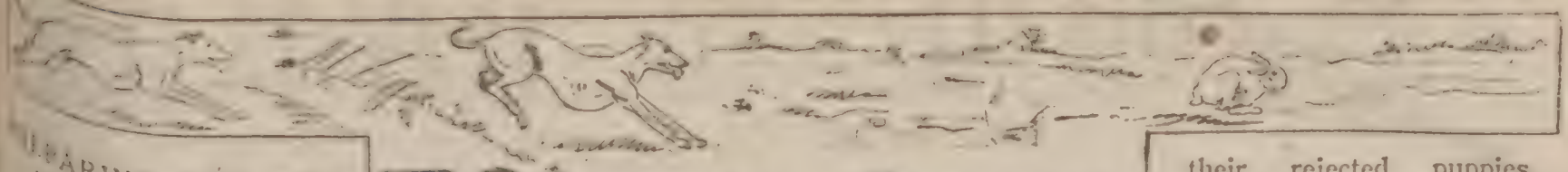
"I don't, for one," said Richard.

"What if *I do?*"

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to put up with a disappointment, Mr. Graydon."

"What d'ye mean by that?"

(*Continued on page* 136.)



THE COURSING SEASON

CARING FOR THE WINTER'S SPORT.

With the holding of the Everleigh Meeting on the northern edge of Salisbury Plain, and of the Scottish National Meeting near Annan, in Dumfriesshire, during the following week, the coursing season is opened, both in the south and in the north, and followers of the leash enjoy their first opportunities of seeing what some of the puppies of the year can do towards qualifying for places among the picked sixty-four dogs that will run in February for the coveted Waterloo Cup.

Greyhound men in all parts of the country are busily [illegible] for a season that promises to be an exceptionally [illegible], provided the prophets who are predicting a hard winter to follow the exceptionally hot summer prove unreliable. Already nearly all the available dates are filled by the fixtures of the various clubs, and it looks as though a clash-ing of dates will be in some instances unavoidable.

HARDENING THE DOGS' FEET.

This year's puppies are already up from their walks, and their trainers have been busy preparing them by judicious exercise, special diet, and plenty of hand-massage—without which no "long-dog" can be conditioned—for the hard work of the forthcoming season.

Early morning walking exercise on the roads—some half-dozen dogs being led by each man or boy—hardens the pads of the feet, so that they will be able to race over plough and sun-baked downlands alike; and special attention will have to be devoted to this branch of training this season, owing to the long drought, which has rendered the ground harder and more unyielding than for many a year.

The more expensive part of the training commences, and having to be of the very best, and carefully chosen. No food is too good for a good greyhound, the best cuts of mutton and beef being specially selected and toasted for them, and the best brown bread baked for their behoof.

SCIENTIFIC BREEDING.

The fees charged by public greyhound trainers reflect this part of the sport, ranging from seven-and-sixpence to ten shillings a week per dog when in training, and falling to from three-and-sixpence to five shillings a week when out of training, according to the standing and reputation of the individual trainers employed.

The science of breeding greyhounds is even more complicated than that of breeding thoroughbreds or racing stock, infinite pains being taken in the searching of pedigrees, so as to mate the brood-bitches properly, in order to obtain the requisite "nick" in the blood that is to produce the future Waterloo Cup winner.

Now, also, begins the slaughter of the innocents, or rather the elimination of the unfit from the kennels of coursing men. Not all the whelps that are bred and sent out to walk are destined to wear their owners' sheets in the coursing-field, and a large proportion of those that do will never be given the chance to lose more than one course.

DISPOSING THE UNFIT.

A bad "long-dog" is nearly as expensive to keep and [illegible] as a racehorse, and the problem of the "useless mouths," which has confronted the commanders of beleaguered cities is promptly solved by the owner of greyhounds. No one can afford to keep a dog that cannot [illegible] his first course in a puppy stakes, provided he gets [illegible] to a straight hare and meets with no accident. [illegible] the trials in which they have failed to prove themselves of any use they are mercifully "put down," to make more kennel room and more of the trainer's time [illegible] attention for their more promising companions.

The process of weeding is, indeed, a trying one, requiring judgment and luck; and many a puppy has been destroyed and given away by some kind-hearted owner, reluctant to have so good-looking an animal destroyed, which has later in the season—having improved by change of habitat or more intelligent training—come up against and easily defeated the nomination of his original [illegible].

Trainers, therefore, are now willing to give away their rejected puppies, and so they are condemned to "go down" where they can do no harm, either to him that gives or to him that receives.

Sapling-breeding for the market increasingly occupies the attention of many greyhound men, and is—now that there is a strong demand for English-bred dogs from France, Russia, and the Argentine—a very profitable business, provided the breeder works from the best strains, possesses good walks, and is lucky in the matter of distemper and the other diseases inseparable from youthful dog-flesh.

FOREIGN COURSERS.

The sales at Barbican during the winter months, from December to April, will see a vastly increased number of saplings put up for auction, and breeders are looking forward to higher prices than ever, owing, chiefly, to competition between buyers for French and Russian owners.

In the latter country, where the sport is followed during the summer months, black-and-white dogs are most in demand; while Argentine buyers have always favoured those known as "fawn or red" in colour, as being best able to stand the climate of South America.

The French have just founded a club, under the name of the "Greyhound Club de France," to regulate the newly-adopted sport in that country, but so long as the Dogs' Quarantine Order is in force in Great Britain there can be no international coursing (as there is horse-racing) and no French or Russian-owned greyhound can compete for the Blue Riband of the Leash on the classic plains of Altcar.

"LED CAPTAIN."

The question of the moment: "Where IS Nice Place?"

HORSES THAT HATE MEN.

INEXPLICABLE EQUINE DISLIKES.

Racing men, or rather men who are connected with racing stables, know a thing that most men don't. This is that a great many horses, and especially thoroughbreds, are capable of violent hatreds for certain men, for reasons which are generally impossible to explain.

When a dog or a child shows dislike for a person, you can generally take it for certain that that person is a wrong 'un in some way or other, but a horse's dislike cannot be taken as proof of anything of the kind.

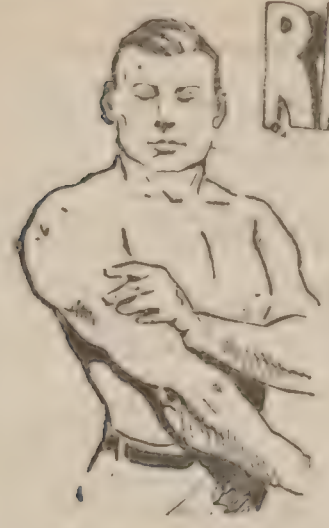
For instance, when Muley Edris saw Fred Archer, the horse's ears would fly back, a horrible expanse of white would show in his eyes, and if poor Fred came anywhere within reach of Muley Edris's teeth, he had to be very careful, or there would have been several pieces out of his meagre body. In fact, the horse did savage him badly on more than one occasion. But only an ignoramus or a fool would say anything against Fred Archer's character as a man.

The Dawsons, for some reason or other, seemed at one time to incur a certain amount of equine displeasure. When Ellerdale saw Tom Dawson, or when Mat Dawson came anywhere near Mentor, there was always a show of naughty temper on the part of the mare and the horse respectively.

Perhaps the most salient case of a horse's hatred for a man was that shown by a colt by Ardrossan against the famous Jem Robinson.

The colt had savaged Robinson in the stable and bitten a lad's thumb off a week before the jockey had to ride him in a match against a horse called Abjer, ridden by Frank Buckle. Jem got his own back on his mount, for he simply flogged him past the post. He had to, for the Ardrossan colt's temper was such that it is still spoken of at Newmarket to this day.

Well, for some reason Robinson didn't see the horse after that for two years, and when he did he went up to him thinking that he would be forgotten, but the Ardrossan colt rushed at him with open mouth. His hatred still remained.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

. Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

RESTFUL SLEEP.

ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE STUDENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The student of physical culture cannot give too much attention to the subject of sleep.

I don't mean to imply that he should take a great deal of sleep, for the amount required depends upon the individual, and upon the work he does. As a matter of fact, the mental worker requires more sleep than does the manual worker, for the brain is a more delicate organism than the muscles, and the process of repair, which goes on during sleep, is slower.

SLEEP AND THE MUSCLES.

The point I wish to emphasise is that the student of physical culture should understand that the growth of his muscles depends as much upon the quality of his sleep as upon his selection of suitable exercises.

If a man's sleep is not refreshing, the waste products of his muscles are not removed properly, and the increase in the size of the muscles is retarded.

It is just the same with an engine. You could not expect it to do its best work if the ashes were not raked from the furnace.

The usual fault is having too many bed-clothes. This is due chiefly to the discomfort occasionally experienced of waking up in the middle of the night and finding yourself cold. To prevent such a thing happening again, you put on more bed-clothes next night, even though the temperature may be higher.

BED-CLOTHES AND POSITION.

In the height of summer a single sheet upon you may be sufficient, while in winter it may be necessary to have, in addition, several blankets and a quilt. You must regulate the amount of your bed-covering according to the weather; but make it a general rule to sleep with as few bed-clothes as possible, for too much bed-clothing is enervating, and the weight of it puts an unnecessary strain upon the muscles, which ought, at this period, to be in perfect repose.

The position to be adopted in sleep is largely a matter of individual taste, but it is usual to sleep upon the right side.

If you sleep on the left, the weight of the body presses too heavily upon the heart, and if you sleep on your back, you over-heat and weaken the spine, which is the great nerve centre of the body.

To lie on the right side is best. The right arm will fall into a natural position, and the left forearm should be made to rest on the hip, so that its weight does not press upon the stomach.

The legs should be well stretched out.

VENTILATION.

Great attention should be given to the proper ventilation of the bedroom. The windows should be wide open—top and bottom—and the bed should be in such a position that you are not subjected to a draught, although there is a current of fresh air through the room.

The position of the bed will naturally depend upon the architecture of the room in question.

I know of one pair of bedrooms which are ventilated in an ideal manner. They are tenanted by two ardent physical culturists—one faces the back of the house, while the other faces the front. There is only a passage between them, and both doors are kept open all night, so that there is a current of air right through the rooms from one side of the house to the other.

If circumstances enable you to adopt a scheme of this sort, so much the better.

In any case, you should be careful not to burn the gas for any lengthened period before getting into bed, as it takes some time for the air consumed by the gas to get out of the room.

Roughly speaking, the period of sleep occupies about one-third of the whole day, and it is, therefore, of great importance. No matter what your surroundings may be during your working hours, you can safeguard your health to a great extent by securing plenty of fresh air during sleep.

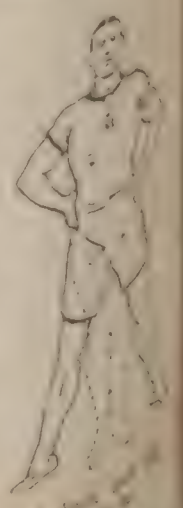
A BACK AND LEG EXERCISE.

Here is one of the finest exercises that I know of. It is perfectly simple, and requires no apparatus.

It is excellent for strengthening the legs and enabling you in tensing the muscles at will.

Stand with your legs stretched out, as indicated in the position shown by the solid lines in the accompanying illustration.

The weight must rest entirely on the toes, and the heels must not be allowed to touch the ground during the movements.



The correct position having been assumed, jerk the feet simultaneously about two inches closer together, without allowing them to leave the floor. The soles of the shoes should be made to drag along the floor.

Repeat this movement two or three times till the heels touch in the position indicated by the dotted lines.

Then jerk the feet two inches apart, and two inches again, and so on, until the legs are stretched out in the first position.

The knees must be kept braced and stiff the whole time, and the muscles of the thighs and calves must be kept tense and hard.

Concentrate your mind upon the muscles which are being exercised, and don't allow yourself to overbalance. Keep the whole body firm and upright.

When you have mastered this exercise and learned to tense the muscles thoroughly, practise tensing them while raising one foot slightly off the ground, and harden every muscle.

Send 1s. 1½d. for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A ATHLETE."** It contains **information** on General A... lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before ... public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Wo... **"IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

Also ask for our explanatory Booklet, **"The Last Word in Physical Culture,"** which will be included Free and Post Free, or send addressed postcard to—

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The CURING—not alleviating—of all the more common ailments defects by Natural Methods is a speciality.

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By sending the Coupon to-day you will receive FREE my latest pu... tion entitled "The Use and Abuse of Exercise," describing my ... and giving some remarkable information regarding exercise.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON,
Physical Culture Specialist
(Dept. M2), **18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.**

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MR. INCH'S THOUSAND GUINEA SCHEME.

OF INTEREST TO ALL PHYSICAL CULTURISTS.

Mr. Thomas Inch, so well known as a teacher of Physical Culture, has launched a new scheme which should be of the greatest interest to all students of this science. The man who goes in for Physical Culture by himself, does not, as a rule, put such enthusiasm into his exercises as does the man who is following Physical Culture in company with some friend. When you can measure your own muscles, and measure your friend's muscles and see who is progressing best, there is an element of competition which keeps you both keen on the work.

It is to foster this competitive element, and thus to increase the interest of students in his exercises, that Mr. Thomas Inch has devised what is probably the biggest scheme yet known in the world of Physical Culture. He is going to give, in all, 770 prizes of a total value of one thousand guineas, and the first prize is the very attractive present of a school of Physical Culture, which Mr. Inch will equip with athletic goods—barbells, boxing gloves, exercisers, etc. The premises will be fitted up by Mr. Inch, and the school will be advertised on behalf of the winner, free of charge to him.

The whole profits of the first year will be handed over to the prize-winner, and by that time he will be able to run the school himself.

The value of this prize is estimated at £350, and the scheme is one that will strongly appeal to all who desire to make Physical Culture their profession.

Of the many other prizes, the list is too long to be dis-cussed in detail, but full particulars can be had by writing to Mr. Inch, at Dept. M.M., Munster House, 676 and 676a, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

Mr. Inch's success as a teacher of Physical Culture is evidenced by the success of his pupils. He has been described as the father of British weight-lifting, and he has probably done more than any other man to popularise not only this branch of Physical Culture, but all others. The individual attention which he gives to his pupils makes his system particularly valuable.

With regard to the Thousand Guinea Competition, every student has an equal opportunity of winning a prize, as the competitors will be divided into sections, and the prizes will be given, not necessarily to the man who has the biggest muscles, but to the man who, within a given period, has made the greatest improvement in his own section.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. V. H. (Willesden Junction).—We know nothing of the system to which you refer. Better take up one of those which are advertised in this paper, all of which are conducted on thoroughly sound and reliable lines.

C. L. (Bradford).—You cannot increase the size of your bones by any form of exercise. At your age, however, it is probable that the bones will grow considerably. It is comparatively easy matter to increase the thickness of the cartilage, which lies between the two parts of every joint, by means of suitable stretching exercises and massage. In this way, an inch or more can be added to the height. You can also increase your height by walking correct; most people walk with round shoulders and a stoop, and thus look several inches shorter than they are.

W. F. (Walton).—It is not unusual for a man to suffer from cold hands and feet after his morning tub during the winter. The coldness of the extremities is due to poor circulation, and it only makes matters worse, if, under these circumstances, you continue your cold baths. Discontinue for a while, and have a cold sponge down instead. Judicious exercise will strengthen your heart, and eventually you will be able to take cold baths without suffering in the way you mention. If you have any reason to suppose that your heart is seriously affected, you should consult a doctor.

A. R. (Scarborough).—One of the best forms of training for football is long distance walking, which improves the wind. Skill in the game is equally necessary, and can only be secured by constant practice.

INCH'S GREAT £1050 (Thousand Guineas) PRIZE SCHEME

MY INSET.

I want every reader of "MODERN MAN," whether interested in physical culture or not, to look for my postcard inset in this issue of "MODERN MAN," and fill and forward to me **at once.**

You will not only receive a free booklet describing whichever of my courses of home training interests you most—my health course for sedentary workers; my advanced course for would-be strong men; my tutorial course for would-be physical culture directors; my wrestling course for the wrestling aspirant; or my full-contraction course for those who desire superb physical development—but at the same time you will hear how you may gain one of the

770 PRIZES

which I am offering to readers of this paper.

Who knows but that you may gain the first prize valued at **£350.**

WHY NOT?

Too often in prize competitions the prize is carried off with ridiculous ease simply because one competitor is afraid of another. My advice to you is "go in and win."

When I say mail my post-card whether interested in physical culture or not, I have in mind a special

£100 CASH PRIZE

which may be easily gained by any young fellow with a little energy and ambition whether he is interested in physical culture or not.

Prizes are offered for increased development; for improvement in health; for successes at sports and games; for weight-lifting and for a little work in your spare time, as per particulars which will be forwarded you by return mail on application.

This prize scheme will undoubtedly supply tremendous incentive to work, and

DON'T FORGET

you will receive particulars of the best physical culture course in the whole world, the cost of which is purely nominal, and easy instalments arranged when desired.

My claims are not only endorsed by 45,000 satisfied pupils, but by the editors of **ALL** the world's physical culture journals, and most other magazines and athletic papers, to say nothing of world's champion athletes in every branch of sport who have successfully trained on the famous Inch system.

DO IT NOW

and **let no competitor gain an advantage over you—the opening date being October 2nd, 1911.**

THOMAS INCH, Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M., MUNSTER HOUSE, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

QUIXOTIC SELBY (*Continued from page* 132.)

"I mean that the girl is obviously exhausted, and a decent and reasonable man would not expect any more from her."

"So I'm not a decent nor a reasonable man, eh? Is that your meaning?"

"As your conduct shall decide," said Richard.

"Look you here," said Graydon, taking a step towards him and flushing with rage, "you don't come riding it over me, Mr. Selby, even if you are one of the big bugs of the county!"

"I ride over no man," responded Richard coolly. "I merely hope that I make myself clear."

"I say the wench *shall* dance again, if I want her to."

"I say she sha'n't."

"By gad! for two pins I'd bash ye, Mr. Selby."

"That would prolong the discussion without strengthening your argument." He turned to the minstrel, who had broken into a torrent of harsh, unintelligible words, directed at the girl. "What are you saying to her?" he demanded, sternly.

"I tell her——"

"He say he give me the knout if I refuse," broke in the girl, suddenly and tensely.

"The knout?"

"The knotted rope."

"Ah! Is she your daughter?" he asked, turning again to the minstrel.

"She is my wife."

"I not his wife," said the girl, fiercely. "He takes me about with him, and thrashes me when I not earn money."

"Thrashes you, eh?"

"Every day. He hurt me. I hate him for it. He kill me some day, I know," and she broke into violent, tearless sobbing.

"What is your name?" asked Richard, gently.

"Katrina Trojenoff."

"You are not married to this man?"

"No."

"Have you no friends?"

"None. Nowhere."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Odessa—when a little girl. My parents dead. This man adopt me. He teach me dancing. I travel with him."

"Damnable state of affairs!" exclaimed Wilf Horner, with virtuous viciousness.

But no one paid any heed to him.

A silence fell. Farmer Graydon had returned to his seat, a scowl of frustration on his brow. Richard looked at the minstrel with a darkening quiet, then back to the girl, his expression clearing.

"Would you like," he said at last, kindly, "to leave this man and come under my protection?"

There ensued an interval of dumfounded amazement. The girl locked her hands together, gazing up at him with widely-parted eyes.

Then the minstrel uttered a guttural exclamation, and sprang in front of the girl, addressing her with wild gestures and vituperative tongue.

She cowered away from him.

Richard's hand fell on his collar, and lifting him entirely from the ground, deposited him behind.

"I am married, and live in a house close at hand," he went on. "My wife is kind. She will welcome you and thoroughly look after you. You shall do domestic work of some kind, so as not to be thought living on charity. Whatever you don't know shall be taught you."

He waited a moment, trying to read her odd concentrated expression.

"If this man has any legal hold upon you, you must say so. If not, and if you are entirely willing, come with me. Don't do anything, except of your own free will."

She was still silent, with her hands clasped over her tambourine, and that look of almost atrocious maturity in her eyes.

"You will give me money to buy pretty dresses with?" she asked in a sibilant whisper.

"You will be paid wages, of course. My wife will see to that."

"And you not take it off me again—when you are angry —like Olaf?"

"Certainly not. It will be your own to do as you like with it."

"*Much* money?" She slid from her chair with an abrupt change of manner and sidled up to him, rubbing herself against his coat in a feline sort of way.

"That will depend," said Richard, smiling down at her with some amusement.

"Oh, Katrina!" groaned the minstrel, whose face was now grey and anguished.

She flashed him a glance of contempt and laughed.

"Look at him! He break his heart," she said. "Beast! Tormentor!" she flung the tambourine at his feet. "I go with you," she said to Richard. "Give him money for me or he think I still his. Two shillings. Five shillings. Not much—he not deserve more."

"All very well," thought Richard to himself, "but it strikes me, my infant, you're slightly misinterpreting matters. This is not a transaction in a slave-market."

The minstrel meantime had stooped and was tucking the tambourine under his arm. When he rose erect again it could be seen that his face had become strangely impassive. Only in his eyes was there a glittering, like two pin-points of steel.

He gestured to indicate his disdain of the suggested compensation. "She leave me, she go to you," he said. "Very good. I not take money for her. I soon find somebody else. Good-night."

He turned at the door and favoured the girl with a fixed look; a look which might have been of longing or loathing; but which at any rate drove the triumph from her face and brought back to it the pallor of fear and exhaustion.

"Good-bye, Katrina," he said softly, and closed the door behind him.

She clutched shudderingly at Richard's arm.

"I afraid of him," she moaned. "Protect me."

"All right," said Richard steadily. "If he tries harm you he'll rue it."

"Mind he don't stick a knife in you as you go home," warned Horner, with his thin brainless laugh.

"I'll mind," said Richard, as they went out.

Under the sign-post at the cross-roads, a little way from the inn, they came upon the minstrel again, standing motionless and rock-like. He did not speak.

She looked over her shoulder several times, as though fearful that he would follow. But he did not move.

She sighed at last. Their journey was concluded without either breaking silence. Richard wondered what she might be thinking—a problem which probably none but an Eastern mind would have solved.

His wife came to him after the girl had been put to bed.

"Did I do right?" he asked her, with a sort of dubious right gaze, which told her he was secretly doubtful.

"You always do right, Dick," she said, smiling just a little, and regarding him with that air of indulgence which most men—even the strongest—like to see sometimes in their wives. "But it doesn't follow that always you are wise."

That same night, walking just before dawn, Richard crossed silently to the open bedroom window and listened.

Somewhere, some distance away, probably in the inn at the end of the drive, a man was singing—singing in a melancholy tenor voice some plaintive, haunting, wild English melody, which kept on and kept on.

Richard slipped into a dressing-gown and slippers and went downstairs. The front door was open.

He closed it.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

PHOTOGRAPHING PICTURES.

An interesting pursuit for the amateur photographer is the photographing of famous pictures exhibited in public galleries.

If the picture you select is a portrait, study the colour before you attempt to photograph it. In most pictures and portraits the cheeks of the subject are rather highly coloured, and, as every photographer knows, red photographs very dark. The bright red cheeks of the portrait, attractive as they may be in the original, are liable to come out of a dark grey or black tint, and with all the appearance of hollowness.

The best pictures to select for photographing are those in which the sitter's face has been reproduced without exaggeration in colour.

National Hunt Rules

THE LAWS OF STEEPLECHASING DIFFER WIDELY FROM THOSE OF FLAT RACING.

Every man who goes racing, or who even visits only one or two meetings during the flat-racing season, can fairly be calculated to understand the Rules of Racing, which are the regulations governing the sport as it is held under the auspices of the Jockey Club, the governing body on the flat.

On the other hand, however, there are a great many men who go to steeplechase meetings who would be surprised to know some of the points wherein "N. H.," or National Hunt rules differ from the Jockey Club laws. Some of the points are interesting, then, may fitly enough be set down in the course of this short article.

First of all, as regards meetings held under N.H. rules, there must be at least two steeplechases in each day's programme, one of which must be three miles or upwards; and of the total amount guaranteed for prizes, one half at least must be apportioned to steeplechases. Again, there must be no race of less than two miles.

FENCES AND HURDLES.

Now a word about the regulations as to courses. In every steeplechase there must be at least twelve fences, exclusive of hurdles—do not confound the two—in the first two miles, and at least six fences in each succeeding mile. There must be a water jump of at least 12 feet in width and 2 feet in depth, either to be left open or guarded by a perpendicular fence not exceeding 2 feet in height.

There must be in each mile at least one ditch, 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep on the taking-off side of the fence, which ditch may be guarded by a single rail, or left open, and the fence must be 4 feet 6 inches in height, and if of dead brushwood or gorse, 2 feet in width.

The regulations for hurdle races are as follows :—In all hurdle courses there shall be not less than eight flights of hurdles in the first two miles, with an additional flight of hurdles for every quarter of a mile or part of one beyond that distance. The height of the hurdles must not be less than 3 feet 6 inches from the bottom bar to the [illegible]

Handicap or Galloway races are allowed under N. H. rules.

As we all know, weights differ widely under the Rules of Racing and the National Hunt code ; but probably most of us are a bit hazy as to the latter rules as regards "impossibles," as the racing reporter loves to call them.

No horse shall carry less than 10 stone in a steeplechase [illegible] (except in a handicap steeplechase of three miles or upwards, when the lowest weight may be 9st. 7lb.), nor less than 11st in a National Hunt flat race. Overweights are permitted only for matches or private [illegible]

By the way, it is interesting to note what actually constitutes a "National Hunt Flat Race," or, rather, the conditions under which a horse runs in such an event.

RIDING.

To qualify to run in a N. H. flat race, a horse must have been placed by the judge, first, second, or third in a steeplechase in Great Britain or Ireland, after having jumped the fences and completed the whole distance of course to the satisfaction of at least two of the stewards. The stewards must give a written certificate to that effect.

A question that often causes discussion is whether a jockey may remount a horse after running any great distance after it. This is the specific rule :—

"In steeplechases and hurdle races, any horse getting from his rider may be remounted in any part of the enclosure in which the occurrence took place ; but such horse not be caught until he shall have entered another field, then he shall be ridden or brought back to the one in which he parted from his rider."

By the way, in artificially constructed courses, either for steeplechases or hurdle races, the spaces between fences or hurdles are considered as fields or enclosures for the purpose of the above rule.

Here is an interesting point. A horse that refuses a fence or hurdle, and being assisted over by any bystander, or given a lead by anyone not riding in the race, shall be disqualified.

The rules of steeplechasing are explicit enough, but many a writer of racing novels comes a "purler" over them.

This does not apply only to comparatively unknown writers, but to many who have earned for themselves a name as sporting fictionists. The error they fall into, of course, is to confuse steeplechasing rules with those which govern racing on the flat.

N.H. rules are, on the whole, fair to every conipetitor, but there are many who think that they might be made a little less drastic, as steeplechasing at present is a highly dangerous sport.

G. KNOWLES.

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It's nearer to you than you think. Just a few months of I.C.S. training during the winter will enable you to seize it. Thousands of young men in all parts of the country who thought that big wages were far beyond them have proved that the I.C.S. know how to fit men for the best jobs in all occupations. *Get to know the possibilities there are for you.* Write to the International Correspondence Schools and let them show you what you can do.

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MEN OF THE LEAGUE.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of The Modern Man *League. The names of those enrolling now will appear in a supplementary list.*

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REDCAR.
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F. L. SHEASLY, 4, Salop Road; W. C. WHITE, Bentley Manor.

REDHILL.
H. WATKINS, 17, Charman Road.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18 ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d	post free
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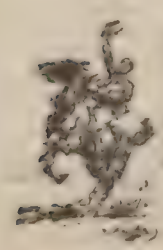
Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.



The League Badge. Actual Size.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

Signed .....

FREE TRIAL.

Address .....

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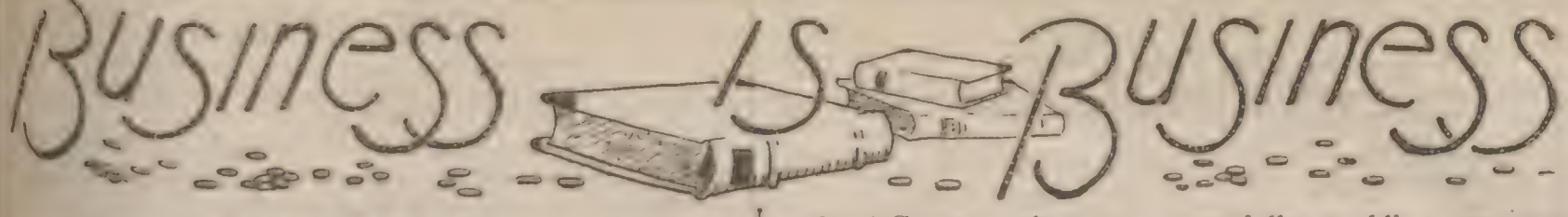
*Please Cross out Sizes not required.



"THE SACK."

A PASSING TERROR.

Not very long ago the business man had what he believed was an infallible instrument which insured him against idle or careless, or otherwise unsatisfactory, employees.

This instrument was known among the employees, familiarly, as "the sack." The employer knew it also by that name, but when he made use of it to enforce his mis-spoken ideas within the office, he described it by what he believed were more imposing terms—"change of staff," "reconstruction," "rearrangement," "cutting down expenses"—and others on these lines. (It is extraordinary, by the way, to note how a business man will give any name to a "sacked" employee, but the correct one.)

Since these bludgeoning ideas held sway in the employer's mind, a great change has come over the spirit of business houses.

It is notorious that several large houses which formerly fought out "the sack" on the least provocation as a form of remedy for all evils, now scarcely ever make use of it.

The idea of old was that the fear of "the sack" would keep a man careful and hard-working.

As a matter of fact, it made him anxious, nervous, and afraid to leave the hard-beaten track whereon he knew he was safe, and from which any deviation might mean danger.

Employers have come to recognise that a constant process of young, outwardly smart men through the office leads inevitably to general disorder. No business can be conducted successfully, even in its lower branches, by ever-new hands.

Men of interest, purpose, and knowledge alone build up a stable business.

Errors are made by the best of employees is incontestable, but the man who knows that it rests largely with himself, his general ability whether he holds his berth or not, is much less likely to make any mistakes than the man who knows, as in some offices a man is made to feel—that a single slip means "the sack."

At the root of the matter is the employer's common sense in giving the employee some ground for having an interest in his work, his firm, his berth.

E. GARDNER.

FINANCE.

In this section we place at the service of our readers the views of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

POLITICAL CRISES.

It seems all, at the time of writing, look a little more hopeful on the practical settlement of the Morocco crisis, but financial differences between Italy and Turkey over Tripoli bid little or no effect.

HOME RAILS.

These are better, and prices in this section are now on an excellent investment basis.

The strike on the railways in Ireland is not a success from the Union's point of view, and it seems that the men's representatives are losing the control they had. Of course, Irish railways with Irish connections must be suffering; Great Southern favourites, Districts and Great Northern Deferred, will be affected.

AMERICANS.

Support has been given to this market during the week by the Wall Street magnates, and the only question for them to solve is whether the support will be continued in view of the further heavy liquidation which has been caused by the uneasiness over the Steel slump.

Steel Common shares are essentially gambling counters; but when Steel Preferred fall 10 or 12 points, people begin to wonder whether the figures given in the last balance sheet are genuine.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

The elections in Canada have smashed up the Reciprocity arrangements agreed to between the Canadian Government and President Taft, and I cannot help thinking that the commercial development of Canada will not go on as quickly in consequence.

At any rate, Canadian Pacifics, round about 230, are far too high, and I still advise operators who are on the outlook for a safe deal, to sell Canadian Pacifics for the fall, and buy Trunk Thirds for the rise.

MINES.

These are a little harder for choice; but rubber and oil shares are still in the doldrums.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. D. (Wrexham).—Very speculative, and not at all suited for investment.

D. D. (Llanelly).—Keep 1 and 2. The others I should sell, even at a small loss.

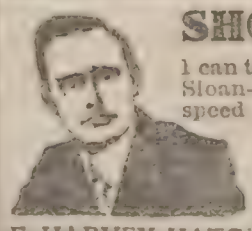
"SANDY" (Edinburgh).—You appear to have made a good choice, and I do not advise you to change.

"HELP" (Cork).—I do not see any possible chance of getting the money back, as the firm to which you refer is in liquidation.

L. T. (Bristol).—A good investment, and the yield works out over 5½ per cent.

R. C. (Leeds).—Hold No. 5; average No. 3; the others I cannot trace.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.



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SPORTING STORIES

COMFORTING FOR COLOUR-SERGEANTS.

It was a very hot day during the recent Territorial manœuvres, and the order had been given that every tenth man in each company of one of the London battalions should fall out "dead," during an attack in force upon the enemy's position.

The colour-sergeant of one company, exhausted by the heat, counted himself "out" as tenth man, and lay down with a sigh of relief. In this restful position he was discovered by the colonel, who promptly shouted:

"What the blazes are you doing there?"

"Please, sir, I'm supposed to be killed."

"Get up, you lazy brute!" cried the colonel. "Don't you know that colour-sergeants are *never* killed?"

FROM AN EXMOOR BOG.

A follower of the Devon and Somerset staghounds, returning from hunting by the sound path through a dangerous bog, was astonished to see a high silk hat sitting on the green surface of the bog.

He tapped it with his crop as he passed, when a voice exclaimed:

"Hi! You leave my hat alone, will 'ee!"

"What?" exclaimed the sportsman. "You don't mean to say there's a man under that hat?"

"I should think I do," replied the voice, "and a hoss under he."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The son of a "proud Salopian" woman had just joined the Territorials, and his mother had taken up an advantageous position on the Wyle Cop, in Shrewsbury, to witness the corps, in which he was a private, march past on the way to the English Bridge.

When the last khaki-clad warrior had swung round the corner, she turned to her neighbours and remarked disparagingly:

"Well, I don't think much of them. Why, all except my gradely lad were out of step."

RETORTS COURTEOUS.

A stranger in a small Surrey town was looking at the wares displayed on the open slab of the fishmonger's shop, when that worthy, returning up the street from having his morning glass at the inn, thought he recognised that stranger's back as that of a pal. Hitting him a friendly thump on the shoulder, he cried: "How goes it, old cock?"

When the indignant victim turned swiftly round, he apologised in the words: "I beg your pardon, sir. I thought you were a friend."

"Never mind, you shall be, sir! You shall be," said the stranger, and, stepping behind the tradesman, he caught him a resounding smack on the back that sent him sprawling among his own flat-fish.

An elderly officer who was similarly saluted by a perfect stranger, while looking into a shop in Aldershot, replied to an identically-worded apology, with the cutting remark:

"I don't believe you, sir! You cannot have any friends."

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN——

A London Territorial battalion was at drill, and a squad of recruits in a remote part of the parade-ground were giving the sergeant-instructor a great deal of trouble; so much so that at length he lost patience, and exclaimed:

"You're all out of step like a lot of damned sheep."

Unperceived by the instructor, the orderly officer and the chaplain had approached within earshot, and when he saw them, he endeavoured, in some confusion, to cover his breach of the regulations by remarking:

"Well, I don't care. Some of you are enough to make a b—— parson swear."

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries [illegible]. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required [illegible] addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

J. E. H. (Fallowfield).—Even although you appear to [illegible] been defrauded, we cannot advise you to take the [illegible] you suggest, for the man who swindled you would prob[illegible] bring an action for libel against you. There can be no harm in advertising to ascertain his whereabouts, but why throw good money after bad?

T. J. (Halesowen).—There is certainly a big [illegible] motor-driving, but we cannot take the responsibility [illegible] advising you to give up your present post in order to [illegible] a chauffeur. In making decisions of this sort, you must [illegible] upon yourself.

W. R. (Stockton-on-Tees).—The Modern Man tobacco and cigarettes can be had from any of Messrs. Bewlay's branches, or from their head shop, [illegible] Strand, London.

"LONGBOAT" (Leamington Spa).—For long-distance running rubber-soled shoes are generally preferred. Some men like a very short sock best, while others guard against possible chills by wearing long worsted stockings.

W. S. N. (Stockport).—Have a chat with the local [illegible] sentative of an insurance company. He will give you particulars, and you may decide to alter your views.

"SAM" (Ballymena).—It is hard lines to be debarred from joining the police force owing to defective vision in one of your eyes, but you will find the same restriction in the railway service, and also in the Army, as in all these lines perfect vision is required in both eyes.

A. B. (Bradbury).—You can strengthen your [illegible] bathing regularly with cold water. It can best be done by filling a spoon with water and blinking into it.

M. J. M. (Tooting).—Probably the 4th London R.F.A. would suit you. Their headquarters are at [illegible] Street, Lewisham, where you can get particulars.

P. A. S. (Ramsgate), **T. G.** (Brighton), **C. L. R.** (Manchester), **G. H. H.** (Recife), **G. C.** (Brondesbury), **D. H.** (Glasgow), **G. [illegible]** (Lee), **J. W. B.** (Saskatchewan), **R. L.** (Birmingham).—[illegible] obliged.

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Most bad habits can be permanently conquered in 72 hours [illegible] of time or discomfort. Wonderful success, perfectly safe, indorsed by physicians, legions of testimonials. Mention which habit you desire to overcome and whether it is in yourself or another. Address

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British Football

HOW STYLE DIFFERS IN THE SISTER COUNTRIES.

By J. ST. C. JOLLY (The Well-known Queen's Park, Glasgow, Amateur).

Just as when you find an Englishman, a Scotsman, an Irishman, and a Welshman together, you will be confronted, in the ordinary way with four different phases of human nature, so does the football that is played by the four sister countries differ very widely in general style.

This is shown chiefly in International matches, which are, as a rule, contested by teams of equal individual skill, but in which the victory is generally won rather by the style of play adopted by the winner than by any other consideration.

During the course of a not inconsiderable experience of first-class football, I have made a special study of what I may, perhaps, call the different national characteristics, and these I purpose making the subject of this article, although I am certain that a good many readers will not agree with my opinions.

I will take Scottish football first, for even the most enthusiastic partisan of English football will not, I am sure, wish to deny that the land north of the Tweed was the pioneer of first-class football in every one of the sister countries. We all know that the game (I am, of course, speaking of the Soccer code) originated in England; but it was undoubtedly Scotsmen who brought it up to the pitch of excellence that it boasts to-day.

SCOTTISH POLISH.

The Scottish game, then, is characterised by extreme polish. Scottish International footer compared, say, with Welsh would be proportionately what the standard of learning at Oxford would be compared with that at a good sound grammar school.

The Scottish forward plays a sweetly pretty passing game, which has more than once been called neat parlour football. The five men in the vanguard manœuvre as cleanly and cleverly as an expert moves his men on a chess-board.

Although I am, of course, a Scotsman myself, I don't mind saying that Scottish forwards are sometimes apt to be so "pretty" as to lose goals by it. Englishmen, on the other hand, are, as a type, different players.

THE ENGLISH STYLE.

Their motto, as a rule, is "Get there, by G——!"; and, in justice to them, they generally do. Although they are not even yet by any means so clever at finesse as their Scottish brothers, they play a fast, very fast, swinging game, not half so pretty from a spectator's point of view, but very effective, especially on the wet grounds that prevail during the greater part of the season, especially in the Mid-land area.

Irish forwards, to use an expression which is much favoured by music-hall comedians (alleged), are "the same, only different." They play an essentially forcible, dashing game. If I may be allowed to say so, without wishing to tread on the tail of any good bhoy's coat, their game is characterised by more rush than skill. However, they are such masters of the art of rushing that this discounts their lack of skill in other directions.

IRISH DASH.

They are so fast, by the way, that in an International between Ireland and Scotland, the latter will quite likely appear slow by comparison. This is, however, not the case in reality. The swiftest Scotsman will compare favourably with the fastest men of any of the other countries. It is only the continued passing of the Scottish players that makes their game appear "sticky."

Half-back play has only so recently been made the finished science that it is, that there is little difference on the whole between English and Scottish half-back style.

However, as far as forcing tactics and backing-up of the forwards are concerned, there is no one that can touch a well-chosen Scottish International eleven, and they will also be found to possess splendid "breaking-up" powers.

English half-back play, strangely enough, is more "finesse" (a quality which, in the forward line, is typically Scotch). English halves are something like Mr. Asquith. They are inclined to "wait and see." Theirs is essentially a watching and waiting game. They are, however, very good "worriers." Whereas the robuster methods of the Scots-men are eminently useful in dealing with dashing forwards, the neater, terrier-like tactics of the Englishmen will often spoil the combination of forwards of the pretty-passing type.

The Irish half-back is a more or less un-tutored player (comparatively, of course, with England's and Scotland's best). Whereas a good half is both a forward and a back, attacking with the first and defending with the second, the principal fault of the Hiber-nian half is that he is more a forward than a back. There is too much "Faugh a Ballagh!" ("Get out of the way!") about his play for him to be a really good defender. In fact, he is burning to score goals. An Irish team might almost be said to consist of a goalkeeper, two backs, and eight forwards.

BACK PLAY.

Study an English International back, and you will find him play not only a strong game, but a clean one. He will be sturdy, robust, and safe, a good tackler and a powerful kicker. His difference with the Scottish back is chiefly that the former relies more on lightness of foot and speed. Scottish backs go in more for resolute tackling, judgmatic kicking (either short to the halves, or long to the forwards), and "fear-nothing" methods generally.

Crompton, of England, however, may be said to combine the best qualities of both countries. But I must claim for my own club the possession of the greatest back that ever kicked a ball, Walter Arnett. He was as swift as a swallow, as strong as a rock, and as sure as the Bank of England.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COLOUR SCHEMES.

Several correspondents have written to me with reference to my recent notes on colour schemes so far as they affect a man's clothes.

In many cases I am glad to find that my suggestions have been of service, but in others they seem to have landed those who read this page in difficulties.

"You have made me very uneasy," writes a Reading correspondent, "for now I am almost afraid in making my selection of a tie, in case it will clash with the suit I am putting on, and I find the same difficulty in deciding whether to wear black boots or brown."

Some men are specially gifted in the matter of good taste, and it seems impossible for them to make an error in dressing.

Others require to give the matter some consideration before making a decision, whilst still others find it almost impossible to make up their minds.

If you are really in doubt as to the selection of a tie, and boots, and socks, you cannot do better than wear black ones.

A black tie goes well with any suit, and so do black boots or shoes and black socks.

They are particularly suitable with navy-blue suits and with grey ones, but they go almost equally well with suits in which there is a note of colour.

SCENT FOR MEN.

I am frequently asked to recommend a scent that will be refreshing on the handkerchief, and yet unobjectionable.

There are many to choose from, the great thing being to select a kind that is not too marked in its quality. Such scents as wallflower, heliotrope, and so forth, may be regarded as girls' scents.

A man should select Jockey Club, Eau-de-Cologne, or something of that sort, which is pleasant to the nostrils without being over pronounced.

I need scarcely add that the amount of scent a man should use is very, very small.

WELLINGTONS AND MUFTI.

With reference to my recent note regarding the wearing of Wellingtons by civilians, I have received the following letter from a London reader:

"With reference to your remarks last week as to the wearing of Wellingtons by civilians," he says, "I should like to endorse your correspondent's opinion, while at the same time pointing out that military style side-spring boots look just as neat, are most comfortable, and have the advantage of being lighter and slipped on in a minute—an advantage in these days of rush.

"I and several friends—Territorials—sometimes wear them with ordinary dress, and wish that trouser-straps were possible as well.

"I wish you would open discussions of this kind of interest to men."

These columns are always open to the opinions of readers, and, as I have already said, I owe to the courtesy of my correspondents many of the useful hints that I have been able to give.

I shall be glad to hear what other readers think of the subject of Wellingtons for civilian wear.

The boots to which my correspondent refers are known in the Service as Jemimas. When the overalls are

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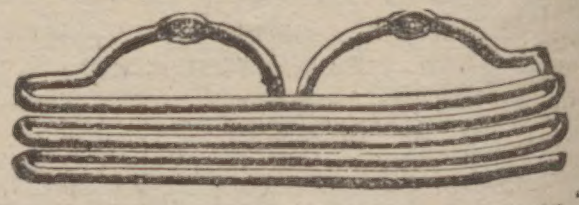

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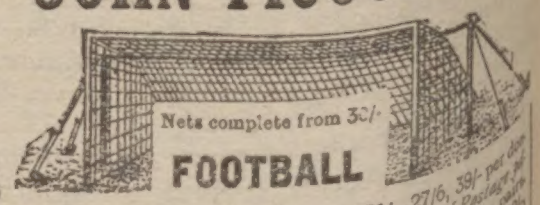

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C. & C. McKINLEY, *Tailoring Specialists,*
Tailoring Dept., 7, GRESHAM ST., LONDON, E.C.

strapped down, the elastic at the side of these boots cannot be seen, and they are indistinguishable from Wellingtons. The only time when they really look funny, is when you see them beside a man's bed, with a pair of spurs sticking in the heels; somehow, they are suggestive of a sort of combination of the soldier and Mother Hubbard.

The real objection to Jemimas, however, is that, for some reason, which I daresay a bootmaker could explain, they do not keep their shape as Wellingtons do. The soles of them flatten out in time, and the instep comes down. Moreover, as they stop at the ankle, they do not improve the set of the trousers as Wellingtons do.

FRESH-SMELLING CLOTHES.

To have your clothes thoroughly ventilated during the night is as necessary to your comfort as it is to your health. The systematic man may feel that he is doing his full duty by folding up his clothes carefully when he takes them off and stacks them upon a chair; but it would be far better if he placed the garments in different positions, so that the air could reach every part of them.

The coat should not be put away in the wardrobe when taken off, but should be hung upon the back of a chair until next morning.

If you are going to wear that coat again next day, it will then be fresh and sweet, and if you put it away in your wardrobe and wear another one, it will not bring to the other coats in the wardrobe the sweaty smell that inevitably clings to a jacket that has just been taken off.

An undervest or a pair of pants will be quite fresh in the morning, if, after taking them off, you shake them well, so that the warm air contained in them may be driven out, allowing fresh air to take its place.

The undervest may be hung up on one corner of the bed; the shirt, if it is to be worn again, at the other corner; the coat we have dealt with; the trousers may be laid across a chair, or put in the trousers-press; the socks, if they are still quite clean, may be laid on a chair near the window.

The small amount of care required in this matter, will ensure a comfortable feeling of cleanliness when you dress next morning.

CREASES ON SLEEVES.

Careful as you may be in looking after your clothes, the constant bending of the arms very soon leaves creases on the sleeves, and these, if not attended to, become permanent, and the edges of the creases, being more exposed to friction than the rest of the garment, soon begin to show wear.

If a sleeve is badly creased, the best thing to do is to place a board inside it, and to press the sleeve with a hot iron, keeping a damp cloth between the iron and the fabric.

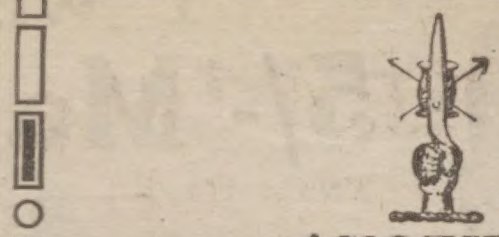
In some cases, however, it is sufficient if you occasionally fold the coat carefully, and lay it beneath your mattress in such a way that the sleeves are pressed, while the shoulders of the coat are not. You can even fix the sleeves in a trouser-press.

CREASES ON BOOTS.

Several shops now sell boots with three or four straight creases just over the joint of the large toe. The intention is that these creases will allow for the extension and contraction of the leather while walking, and will prevent the boots from becoming creased in an unsightly manner.

The intention may be all right, but I don't think the plan a good one.

In the first place, these creases put on by the manufacturers don't look well, and in the second place, they should not be necessary, for if the boots are well made and of good leather they will yield to the movement of the foot in walking without becoming permanently creased.



ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER.

22/9/11. Edgar House, Clovelly Road, Southsea.

Dear Sirs.—A line to thank you for my suit which arrived yesterday. I am very pleased to express my entire satisfaction at the manner in which you have carried out all that you advertise, in the cleaning, repairing and pressing processes.

You have indeed given the suit a new lease of life. I shall recommend the B. T. & R. Co. to my friends with the utmost confidence.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Robt. Presley.

Hundreds of similar letters are received by us daily which you are invited to inspect.

Now is the time to look up your winter clothes, don't order a new Overcoat or Winter suit until you have seen what we can do with your last year's.

Have you an Overcoat or Suit that is out of shape, or turned shiny in places?

Let us take out the dust, the stains and grease spots, thoroughly repair the Overcoat, rework the button-holes, replace missing buttons, &c.

Carefully tailor-press to its original shape and send it back to you looking and hanging as well as when it first came home new from your tailor.

Our original process is scientific—imitated by few, equalled by none.

Convince yourself of the truth of this statement, and send your overcoat or suit along to-day with P.O. 3s. 9d. We will return it within three days, packed in a neat strong box, carriage paid, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result **your money will be returned in full.**

The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.,

Chief Offices and Works, 34, 36, 38, and 40, GREAT COLLEGE STREET, LONDON, N.W. Tel.: North 2882 (2 lines).

Once you have had a Suit or an Overcoat treated by our wonderful process, you will be so thoroughly satisfied that we shall have secured another lifelong customer.

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GAMAGES

"ST. ANDREW'S" SPORTING JACKET

IS UNRIVALLED

This Jacket is becoming more popular and fashionable every day. It is ideal for the outdoor man and sportsman; being delightfully free across the shoulders, and is at once smart and comfortable. In various Tweeds, patterns of which will be sent post free on request. Just the Jacket to potter about in over the week end. Suitable for all but the most formal occasions. Patterns Post Free.

PRICE 15/6

Breeches or Trousers to match, made to order, 9/6

When ordering by post send chest measurement.

RIDING BREECHES

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Bedford Cord or Whip Cord. Button or Lace Knee. All sizes in stock. Made to Measure at same price.

Also made in Strong Velvet Cords 12/9

Button or Lace Knee, Leather Knee Strapping, Patterns post free. If ordering now, send P.O. with this form filled in.

Height..... | Round Waist.....ins.
Length inside Leg .....ins. | Round Calf.....ins.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE TIES

OXFORD TIES .. .. 1/4½, postage 1d.

WIDE END TIES .. 2/4½, „ „

A. W. GAMAGE Ltd. HOLBORN & BENETFINK & Co. Ltd. CHEAPSIDE

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.

Price 5/9 Carriage paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers. Powerful steel crossbars. Full Polished Oak. Plated Fittings. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. 7 days' approval. Take 6 pairs. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send for Illustrated List Free.*

H. CLIPSON, *Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.*

I will send you my 5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

It will make you strong, vigorous, & self-confident in everything.

I invite every man who is not in possession of full health and vigour to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5 but 5s. (five shillings), by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

Don't Stay Weak, depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence another day. You can be free from weakness and become the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt of Life. It can be worn next the skin, or over the under-shirt, where it cannot be seen by others. Even the very first day you note a building up of vital strength and confidence. This goes on increasing day after day until you are as strong and well as other men. My belt can also be worn all night, and when worn continuously night and day the restoration of strength and fitness of every physical power is more rapid. Send for it to-day and commence wearing this wonderful Magneto Belt of Life at once and let it build up your strength.

Medical Men and Hospitals recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Obesity, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, etc., etc.

My Magneto Belt of Life has cured thousands of such cases, and I have overwhelming testimony to prove it. Call and see me and I will demonstrate the power of my Belt to you.

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or whether other means have failed to restore your health—My Belt of Life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases, while in thousands of instances it has been the means of giving renewed life and vigour to the wearer.

The following are a few brief extracts from the chorus of universal praise received from wearers of my Magneto Belt:

"I am pleased to say that your Belt has worked wonders. I have only worn it four days, but I feel ever so much better. I have suffered from extreme nervous debility for years, and could not get relief from anything else."

"I suffered for years from rheumatism, complicated with nervousness and insomnia, which were making life an intolerable burden. Your Belt is simply wonderful—it acted like a charm, the pain of the rheumatism subsiding from the first day, and by the end of three weeks I was a sound man once more," writes a gentleman from Bournemouth.

"I could actually feel energy returning to me. I was entirely run down, and a shadow of my former self, when I began wearing your Magneto Belt. I have already gained several pounds in weight, and look and feel like a different man. I am stronger and more vigorous than ever before."

From Laindon a correspondent writes:—"When I purchased your Belt of Life I fully intended returning it to you in seven days' time if it did me no good. Imagine my surprise when I found that from the very first moment of wearing it it was doing me good. It has given new life and strength, and I would not part with it for any money."

A correspondent from Gainsborough writes:—"The improvement in my health since wearing your Magneto Belt is simply marvellous. I would not part with the Belt for anything, for I feel that the good health I now enjoy is entirely due to its recuperative powers."

From Cornwall a gentleman writes:—"Your Belt of Life has done a great deal of good. Before I wore it I was continually under the doctor's hands. Now, I am happy to say, I am quite well, thanks to your Belt."

"Your Magneto Belt worked wonders with me," writes a grateful patient from Aldershot. "I feel six years younger since wearing it. I find myself both bodily and mentally improved."

"Your Belt is honestly worth £5, although it only cost 5s.," writes a well-known athlete from Dublin.

"I am perfectly satisfied with your Belt of Life," writes a young man from Eastleigh. "Its effect was magical, and has entirely taken away all aches and pains."

Send to-day Postal Order for 1/- only, and receive Belt by return of post. Address:

AMBROSE WILSON, 19, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

☞ GIVE SIZE OF WAIST.

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